THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS GRAY.

WITH A MEMOIR.

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LIFE

BY

REV. JOHN MITFORD.

LIFE OF GRAY.

THOMAS GRAY, the subject of the present narrative, was the fifth child of Mr. Philip Gray, a citizen and money-scrivener of London.* His grandfather was also a merchant in good repute in the same place. The maiden name of his mother was Dorothy Antrobus. Thomas Gray was born in Cornhill, the 26th of December, 1716, and was the

* Gray's father, Mr. Cole tells us, in his MS. Collection, had been an Exchange-broker; but the fortune he had acquired of about £10,000 was greatly hurt by the fire in Cornhill; so that Mr. Gray, many years ago, sunk a good part of what was left, and purchased an annuity, to have a fuller income. He also says that Gray's property amounted at his death to above £7,000. In a copy of Gray's Poems which was Sir James Mackintosh's, and subsequently mine, he had calculated, in a blank leaf, the amount of Gray's property, and made it nearly about the sum above mentioned. "His income," he writes, "about £700 per annum, which (more than forty years ago) was no inconsiderable sum."

only one of twelve children who survived, the rest dying in their infancy; and he owed his life entirely to the tenderness and courage of his mother, who, we are told, removed the paroxysms that attacked him by opening a vein with her own hand. Of the character of his father it is painful to speak: a long and unrestrained indulgence in the violent passions of his temper seems at last to have perverted the natural feelings of his heart, and ended in that malignity of disposition that made the parent and husband the enemy of his own family. Such was the cruelty of his treatment to his wife, that she sought the advice of an eminent civilian, A. D. 1735, as a protection to her person and fortune: and it appears by the document preserved, among other things, that *she alone provided for everything for her son while at Eton School and at Peter-House College, without being any charge to her husband;* that he daily treated her in the most inhuman manner, threatening to pursue her with all the vengeance possible, *and that he will ruin himself, to undo her and his only son;* but that she was resolved, if possible, to bear all this, not to leave her shop or trade, for the sake of her

son, to be able to assist in the maintenance of him at the University, since his father would not. No wonder that the memory of this admirable woman was ever preserved with the utmost tenderness by Gray. Mason says, that he seldom mentioned his mother without a sigh. After his death, her gowns and wearing apparel were found in a trunk in his apartments, just as she had left them. It seemed as if he could never take the resolution to open it, in order to distribute them to his female relatives, to whom by his will he bequeathed them. It was towards the close of his life, in a letter which he wrote to his friend Mr. Nicholls, that we find this feeling still existing in all its force. "I had written," he says, "to inform you that I had discovered a thing very little known; which is, that in one's whole life, one can never have more than a single mother: you may think this obvious, and what you call a trite observation. You are a green gosling! I was, at the same age, very near as wise as you, and yet I never discovered this, with full evidence and conviction I mean, till it was too late. It is thirteen years ago, and seems but as yester-

day; and every day I live, it sinks deeper into my heart."

Gray was educated at Eton, under the protection of Mr. Antrobus, his maternal uncle, who was at the time assistant to Dr. George. Mr. Nicholls once asked Gray, if he recollected when he first perceived in himself any symptoms of poetry. He answered, "He believed it was when at *Eton:* he began to take pleasure in reading Virgil for his own amusement, and not in school hours as a task." He also asked Mr. Bryant,* who was next boy to him at Eton, what sort of a scholar Gray was; he said, a very good one; and

* I have sometimes wondered that the name of Jacob Bryant never occurs in Gray's Correspondence, and that an acquaintance commenced at school, when friendships are warmest and most lasting, did not continue, nor become more intimate, by similarity of studies, particularly as, when Gray was residing at Stoke, they were neighbors. But Mr. Nicholls says, that Mr. Bryant, talking to him about Gray, seemed to think that he had taken something ill of him, and founded this opinion on some circumstances which appeared to Mr. B. to be frivolous, and which he forgot: but he added, that he never heard Gray mention Bryant but with respect, regretting only that he had turned his great learning into a wrong channel. Mr. Bryant's interesting letter concerning Gray will be found at the end of this memoir.

added, that he thought he could remember part of an exercise of his on the subject of the freezing and thawing of words, taken from the Spectator; the short fragment is as follows: —

"Pluviæque loquaces
Descendere jugis, et garrulus ingruit imber."

In 1734 he was admitted as a pensioner at Peter-House, Cambridge, in his nineteenth year. At Eton his friendship with Horace Walpole, and more particularly with Richard West, commenced. With the latter, similar tastes, and congeniality of pursuits, soon ripened into a very warm attachment, — "par studiis ævique modis." The correspondence which passed between them for eight years, and portions of which Mason published, shows on the part of both not only an ardent pursuit of literature, but an extraordinary proficiency in classical knowledge, combined with judgment and taste, remarkable at so early a period of life. Nor are the productions of West at all inferior in elegance or correctness to those of Gray: in fact, Mason says, that "when at school, West's genius was thought to be more brilliant than his friend's"; and

Bryant says, "West was the better scholar." His Latin Compositions, in my opinion, are beautiful in sentiment and expression, though a few inaccuracies may be detected; and some of his English verses even Pope would not have disliked to own.* In the Letters which form this early part of the Memoirs of Gray, and which passed between him and his friend, there is a purity in the feeling, and an elegance in the subjects and descriptions, which have always made a most pleasing impression on my mind, increased perhaps in no small degree by that tender shade of melancholy, which West's declining health, and other circumstances, threw over the opening prospects of his life. A friend, after a long interval had passed, and indeed during Gray's last years, mentioned the name of West to him, when he looked serious, and seemed to feel the affliction of a recent loss. It is said the

* *Ex. gr.*

"How weak is man to reason's judging eye!
Born in this moment, in the next we die:
Part mortal clay, and part ethereal fire,
Too proud to creep, too humble to aspire," &c.

We have often heard these lines receive the high praise of one whose judgment, knowledge, and poetical taste no one would dispute.

cause of West's disorder, a consumption which brought him to an early grave, was the fatal discovery which he made of the treachery of a supposed friend, and the viciousness of a mother whom he tenderly loved. This man, under the mask of friendship to him and his family, intrigued with his mother, and robbed him of his peace of mind, his health, and his life. The regret of friendship has been preserved in some affectionate and beautiful lines with which the fragment of the fourth book De Principiis Cogitandi begin, and which he sent to Mr. Walpole, he says, "for the sake of the subject."

"Vidi egomet duro graviter concussa dolore
Pectora, in alterius non unquam lenta dolorem;
Et languere oculos vidi, et pallescere amantem
Vultum, quo nunquam Pietas nisi rara, Fidesque,
Altus amor Veri, et purum spirabat Honestum.
Visa tamen tardi demum inclementia morbi
Cessare est, reducemque iterum roseo ore Salutem
Speravi, atque una tecum, dilecte Favoni!
Credulus heu longos, ut quondam, fallere Soles.
Heu spes nequicquam dulces, atque irrita vota!
Heu mœstos Soles, sine te quos ducere flendo
Per desideria, et questus jam cogor inanes!"

Though Gray in after-life had many accomplished and attached friends, the loss of West

was never supplied.* When he removed to Peter-House, Horace Walpole went to King's College, and West to Christ-Church, Oxford. From this period the life of the poet is conducted by his biographer, Mr. Mason, through the medium of his letters. From these we gain no information concerning his college studies, which were probably not very diligently prosecuted. Of mathematics, he was almost entirely ignorant; and West describes himself and his friend as walking, hand in hand,

> "Through many a flow'ry path and shelly grot,
> Where learning lull'd us in her *private maze*."

During his residence at college, from 1734 to 1738, his poetical productions are, a copy

* So far as I can judge, the more intimate friends of Gray were Mason, Wharton, Chute, Stonhewer, Brown, Nicholls. He was acquainted with Hurd, but not intimate; and the name of *one friend* drops off in the correspondence. Mr. Stonhewer, I think, received his rents for his London houses, and Mr. Nicholls was much younger, and a late acquaintance. When at college, the intimacy between Gray, Walpole, West, and Asheton was called the "Quadruple Alliance," and they passed under the names of Tydeus, Orosmades, Almanzor, and Plato. For an account of Asheton, see Aldine Ed. Vol. I. p. iii.

of Latin verses inserted in the Musæ Etonenses, "Luna Habitabilis"; another on the Marriage of the Prince of Wales;* a Sapphic Ode to West; and some smaller poems, among which is a translation of part of the Fourteenth Canto of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered." I give the concluding lines, with which I remember hearing the late Dr. Edward Clarke, when Professor of Mineralogy, finish one of his Lectures, and rest on the beautiful expression of the last line with peculiar enunciation; —

"Here *gems* break through the night with glitt'ring beam,
And paint the margin of the costly stream;
All stones of lustre shoot their vivid ray,
And mix attempered in a various day:
Here the soft emerald smiles, of verdant hue,
And rubies flame, with sapphire's heav'nly blue;
The diamond there attracts the wond'rous sight,
Proud of its thousand dies and luxury of light."

Æt. 22.

In 1739, at the request of Horace Walpole, Gray accompanied him in his travels abroad; and from his letters to West, and his own family, we have a tolerably accurate account of

* The twelfth line of this poem is not metrical: —
"Irasque, insidiasque, et tacitum sub pectore vulnus";
but it stands so in the original edition.

his pursuits. Mason says, "He catalogued and made occasional short remarks on the pictures which he saw. He wrote a minute description of everything he saw in his tour from Rome to Naples, as also of the environs of Rome, Florence, &c. They abound with many uncommon remarks and pertinent classical quotations."* Most of his journals and collections I have had an opportunity of seeing, and I printed his "Criticisms on Architecture and Painting, &c. during a Tour in Italy," which show at once the great attention he paid to the subject, and an extraordinary knowledge of ancient and modern art at so early a period of life. At Florence he made a collection of music, chiefly embracing the works of Cimarosa, Pergolesi, and the old Italian masters, with notices also of the chief

* These remarks came into possession of his friend Mr. Chute, of the Vine, in Hampshire, and were probably given to him by Gray. They are printed in the fourth volume of the Aldine Edition of Gray's poems. Others of the same kind I also possess. There is in MS. in my possession a copy of the Wilton Gallery, very amusing, and filled with critical remarks by Gray on the statues; and I have also his criticisms on the pictures then in Kensington Palace. The only collection he himself made in works of art was in prints.

singers of the time, and the operas in which they appeared, and the arias they sung.* His collection of engravings also is still in existence; at the bottom of each he had written an account of the picture and the engraver, with a reference to the work of art that describes it. I do not know any branch of the Fine Arts which escaped his observation, or in which he was not a proficient.

In May, after a visit to the Frascati, and the Cascades of Tivoli, he sent his beautiful Alcaic ode to West, and afterwards his poem on the Gaurus. He also commenced his Latin poem, De Principiis Cogitandi. He then set off with Walpole, on the 24th April, 1741, for Bologna and Reggio, at the latter of which towns a serious difference took place between them, and they parted. The exact cause of this quarrel has never been ascertained. I have been told, on what appears good authority, that Walpole, suspecting Gray of having written home something to his disadvantage, broke the seal of a letter. But the matter will never be entirely cleared up. Mason

* These books of music were in six large volumes, and were sold at the sale of his library in 1845.

says, that Walpole enjoined him to charge him (Walpole) with the chief blame of the quarrel, confessing that more attention, and complaisance, and deference to a warm friendship, superior judgment, and prudence might have prevented a rupture. And after Gray's death he also wrote to the same person: "I am sorry I had a fault towards him. It does not wound me to own it; and it must be believed when I allow it, that not *he*, but I myself was in the wrong." Such is Walpole's account. When Mr. Nicholls once endeavored to learn from Gray his account of the difference, he said, "Walpole was the son of the first minister, and you may easily conceive that on this account he might assume an air of superiority, or do and say something which perhaps I did not bear as well as I ought." Mr. Bryant's opinion, which is worthy of attention, will be found in his letter. I think the following passage, in a letter from Walpole to Conway, shortly after Walpole returned to England, in 1741, is more to his credit than anything else that has appeared relating to this unhappy rupture of friendship. "Before I thank you for myself, I must thank you for the excessive

good-nature you showed in writing to poor Gray. I am less impatient to see you, as I find you are not the least altered, but have the same friendly regard for him as you always had." It will be recollected that Mr. Conway travelled with Gray and Walpole in 1739, and separated from them at Geneva. Certain it is, that the wound of what Johnson calls "lacerated friendship" never healed. Gray never after visited him with cordiality, or spoke of him with much esteem. Mr. Cole says, and his account is supported by Gray's own letters, that "when matters were made up between Walpole and Gray, and the former asked Gray to Strawberry Hill, when he came, he without any ceremony told Walpole that he came to visit as far as civility required, but by no means had he come there on the terms of his former friendship, which he had totally cancelled." *

* See Gray's letter to Wharton, from Stoke, Nov. 16, 1744-5. Vol. II. p. 174, Ed. Ald., where his visit of reconciliation is graphically described. Their friend Asheton seems in some degree to have been mixed up with it, and with him he appears to have maintained afterwards no friendly communications. A friend of mine bought a book at Gray's sale, in which was written "Donum *Amicissimi* Hor. Walpole," — but the word *Amicissimi* was partially erased.

When he parted from Walpole, Gray went immediately to Venice, and returned through Padua and Milan, following nearly the same road homewards through France that he had travelled before. He again visited the Grande Chartreuse, the wild and sublime scenery of which had previously been so strongly impressed upon him; and in the album of the fathers he wrote his Alcaic Ode, his first lyrical piece in Latin. When I spent a day at the monastery, I looked over the album, and inquired anxiously for the original entry, but found that it had long disappeared. The collectors, who like vultures followed the French revolutionary armies over the Continent, swept away everything that ignorance and barbarity had previously spared. Without entering into any detailed criticism on Gray's Latin poetry, I may here observe, that if this ode, or any of Gray's lyrical Latin poetry, be examined with a critical accuracy, it will be found often deviating widely from the established laws which govern the metre; and in the collection of Gray's Latin poetry which is printed in the first volume of his collected works, I have given, I believe, a tolerably faithful account of

the errors which may be found in them. This certainly will impair the pleasure with which a scholar will read them; but he will still appreciate and admire the fine poetical spirit and picturesque imagery of such stanzas as the following: —

> "*Præsentiorem et conspicimus Deum*
> Per invias rupes, fera per juga,*
> Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
> Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem," &c.

Gray returned to England in September, 1741, and two months after his arrival his father died, his constitution being worn out by repeated attacks of the gout. To the friend who condoled with Pope on his father's death, he answered in the pious language of Euryalus, — "Genitrix est mihi"; and Gray, in like

* This second line is very faulty, from the absence of the cæsura in the right place. Mr. Canon Tate also observes "that Gray, though exquisite in the observance of the nicest beauty in the Hexameters in Virgil, showed himself strangely unacquainted with the rules of Horace's Lyric verse. What a pity it is, that the noble, engaging, and pathetic interest of the Ode on the Grand Chartreuse should be interrupted by a line so jarring and bad as the second of these below, 'Per invias rupes,' &c., in a stanza otherwise of such first-rate excellence." Vide Obs. on the Metres of Horace, p. 200; and Ald. Ed. of Gray, pp. 191 and 199.

circumstances, felt no less the pleasure of watching over the happiness of a parent so deservedly beloved by him. With a small fortune, which her husband's imprudence and misfortunes had much impaired, Mrs. Gray and a maiden sister retired to the house of Mrs. Rogers, another sister, at Stoke, near Windsor. But though it is not mentioned by his biographers, I presume that, previous to the family of Mrs. Rogers removing to Stoke, they had lived at Burnham; for Mr. Cole says, in his manuscript memoranda, that "Gray's uncle, Mr. Rogers, lived at a house in my parish, called Cant's Hall, a small house, and not far from the common." And again, in a note on a passage in the ninth letter of the first section of the life, where Gray says, "I arrived safe at my uncle's," Cole adds, "at Burnham, my living. Mr. Rogers was an attorney,* lived at Britwell, in Burnham parish, and lies buried in my church." After his death, it is probable that the family removed to Stoke. The house, which is now called *West-End*, lies in a secluded part of the

* Mason therefore is in error in calling Mr. Rogers a clergyman.

parish, on the road to Fulmer. It remained up to a late period in the same state in which it was when Gray resided there. It has lately been much enlarged and adorned by its present proprietor; but the room called "Gray's" is still preserved;* and a shady walk round an adjoining meadow, with a summer-house on the rising land, are still remembered as favorite places frequented by the poet.

When Gray returned to England, it was necessary that he should choose some profession; and that of the law was the one which he selected. "Between that," he writes to West, "which you had pitched upon, and the other two, it was impossible to balance long: examples show me that it is not absolutely necessary to be a blockhead to succeed in this profession." As he saw his fortune was so slender as not to enable him to take the usual course of residing in one of the Inns of Court, and yet unwilling to hurt the feelings of his mother by appearing entirely to forsake his profession, he changed, or pretended to change, the line of study, and went to Cambridge to

* The room called "Gray's" is distinguished by a small balcony.

and Dryden. He then gives some instances from Dryden, who is certainly a great master of our poetical tongue, and who abounds with idiomatical expressions; but such expressions as "*nuseful mopings, foiled doddard oaks, retchless of laws*," and many others which he gives, appear to me rather exceptions to the grace and harmony of Dryden's style than orna-

"Say at what part of nature will they *stand?*" ix. 56.

stand, for *stop* or *stay*.

"Thus *victor* of his health, his fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends."
Ep. iii. 332.

a singular expression, "victor of his health, his friends," &c.

"Well-natured Garth inflamed with early praise."
Prol. to Sat. 137.

for want of the insertion of "*me*" after "inflamed," the verb is mistaken for the passive voice, and is applied to Garth himself.

"What will it leave me, if it *snatch* my rhyme?"
Imit. of Horace, 77.

snatch is put for "*steal from* me, *take away*"; but *steal* had been used just before.

"There are who have not; and thank Heaven there are
Who, if they have not, think not worth their care"
Ibid. v. 262.

i. e. think *them* not worth their care.

"Whose seats the weary travellers repose";

i. e. on whose seats.

And many others might be mentioned in the works of this *correct* poet; so difficult is the art, even to the most skilful workmen.

ments of it. I also think that the propriety of the introduction of antique expressions, and obsolete words, will much depend on the nature of the poem, and even on the structure of the verse; and that unless used with great caution, and selected with taste and care, they will give the composition the character of *imitation*, which would be injurious to its effect. The language of Shakespeare may be more picturesque and poetical than that of Addison and Rowe, but the propriety and advantage of adapting it to modern composition does not appear to me necessarily to follow.

Mason, in a note on this passage of the Letters, supports Gray's opinion, and considers "that following these rules will prevent our poetry from falling into insipidity"; as if fine thoughts and poetical imagery, however expressed, could be insipid. But Mason's own poetry was formed on this model, and its artificial character, and flowery and redundant expressions, were the necessary results. In some correspondence between Gray and Mason, which I possess in manuscript, the former very severely criticised the artificial structure of Mason's poetry. He says, "Pray have done

take his degree in civil law. "But the narrowness of his circumstances," says Mr. Mason, "was not the only thing that distressed him at this period. He had lost the friendship of Mr. Walpole abroad; he had also lost much time in his travels, a loss which application could not easily retrieve, when so severe and laborious a study as that of the common law was to be the object of it; and he well knew, that whatever improvement he might have made in this interval, either in taste or science, such improvement would have stood him in little stead with regard to his present situation and exigencies." That Gray, however, had entirely relinquished all thoughts of his profession seems to appear from a letter to West. "Alas for one," he writes, "who has nothing to do but to amuse himself! I believe my amusements are as little amusing as most folks'. But no matter: it makes the hours pass, and is better than

ἐν ἀμάθιᾳ καὶ ἀμοῦσιᾳ καταβιῶναι."

He now began his tragedy of Agrippina, which Mason thinks was suggested by a favorable impression left on his mind by a repre-

sentation of the Britannicus of Racine. His friend objected to the length of Agrippina's speech; and the fragment is now published, not exactly as Gray left it, but as it was altered by Mason from the suggestion of West. The same friend also objected to the style, which he thought too antiquated. "I will not," he says, "decide what style is fittest for the English stage; but I should rather choose one that bordered upon Cato than upon Shakespeare." To this Gray answered: "As to matter of style, I have this to say, *the language of the age is never the language of poetry*, excepting among the French, whose verse, when the thoughts or image does not support it, differs in nothing from prose," &c. And he then supports this opinion by saying that all poets have enriched their language by foreign idioms, expressions, and sometimes words of their own composition and invention; that Shakespeare and Milton had been great creators in this way, and none more *licentious* than Pope*

* Some of Pope's expressions, in his attempts to compress his sense, are such as are not warranted by the structure of our language, and cannot be approved; such as, *ex. gr.*, Essay on Man: —

"Self-love, the spring of motion, *acts* the soul." ii. 59. *acts*, for *actuates*.

with 'pil'd stores, and coral floors,'" &c. And of another poem, he observes, "The line which I like best in your sonnet is the simplest, — 'So to beguile my solitary way.'* It looks as if you could live at Aston, which is not true; but that 's not my affair." If I recollect rightly, there is but one line in the Elegy on Lady Coventry which he seemed much to approve, and that was one in which the thought and expression were most easy, natural, and just. "Come here, he adds, and I will read and criticise

"Your amorous ditties all a winter's day."

Gray in his academical leisure employed himself very diligently in the perusal of the ancient authors. He mentions that he is reading Thucydides, Theocritus, and Anacreon. He translated some parts of Propertius,† wrote an Heroic Epistle in Latin, and in the summer vacation, when he retired to Stoke, sent his "Ode to Spring" to West; but this letter did

* MS. Letter.

† This he sent to West, May 8, 1736, with a Letter beginning: "My letter enjoys itself before it is opened, in imagining the confusion you 'll be in, when you hear that a coach and six has stopped at Christ-Church gates, and desires to speak with you," &c. (MS.)

not arrive in Hertfordshire till after the death of his beloved friend. West died soon after his Letter to Gray, which concludes, *Vale et vive paulisper cum vivis;* "so little," says Mason, "was this amiable youth then aware of the short time that he himself would be numbered among the living." *

I shall here insert a very judicious criticism by the late Lord Grenville, on Johnson's censure of the expression, in the "Ode to Spring," of "*honeyed* spring"; particularly as the Book in which it appeared was only privately printed, and consequently is known but to a few

* West resided at Pope's, near Hatfield, and was buried in the chancel of Hatfield Church. He died June 4th, 1742, in the 26th year of his age. His poems have never been fully collected. I find among Gray's Manuscript Papers a list of them, made out I think in Mason's writing; and there is another among the MSS. at Pembroke College See in a Note to the Life of Gray in the Ald. Ed. Vol. I. p. xvi. an account of them more complete than any previous one. Mr. Chalmers omitted his name entirely in his Edition of the British Poets. The four concluding lines of the Sonnet on the Death of West are as tender and elegant in expression as the opening quatrain appears to me defective: —

"The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;
To warm their little loves the birds complain
I fruitless mourn to him, that cannot hear:
And weep the more, because I weep in vain."

readers.* "'There has of late arisen,' says Johnson in the Life of Gray, 'a practice of giving to adjectives derived from substantives the termination of participles, such as the *cultured plain*, the *daisied bank;* but I am sorry to see, in the lines of a scholar like Gray, the *honeyed* spring!' A scholar like Johnson might have remembered, that *mellitus* is used by Catullus, Cicero, and Horace, and that *honeyed* itself is found both in Shakespeare and Milton. But to say nothing of the general principles of all languages, how could the writer of an English Dictionary be ignorant, that the ready conversion of our substantives into verbs, participles, and participial adjectives is of the very essence of our tongue, derived to it from its Saxon origin, and a main source of its energy and richness? *First.* In the instances of verbs and participles, this is too obvious to be dwelt upon for a moment. Such verbs as *to plough*, *to witness*, *to sing*, *to ornament*, together with the participles regularly formed from them, are among the commonest words in our language. Shakespeare, in a ludicrous but expressive phrase, has converted even a proper name into

* See Lord Grenville's *Nugæ Metricæ*, 4to.

a participle of this description: 'Petruchio, he says, is *Kated*.' The epithet of a *hectoring* fellow is a more familiar instance of a participle similarly formed, though strongly distorted in its use to express *menacing*, almost the opposite of its original.

"*Secondly.* These participles of verbs thus derived, like all other participles when used to denote habitual attributes, pass into adjectives. *Winged*, *feathered*, *thatched*, *painted*, and innumerable others, are indiscriminately used in both these forms, according to the construction of the sentence and its context. And the transition is so easy, that in many passages it may be doubted to which of these two parts of speech such words should properly be referred.

"*Thirdly.* Between these participial adjectives and those which Johnson condemns there is the closest analogy. Both are derived from substantives, and both have the termination of participles. The latter, such words, for instance, as *honeyed*, *daisied*, *tapestried*, *slipper'd*, and the like, differ from the others only in not being referable to any yet established verb; but so little material is the difference, that there is hardly one of these cases in which the

corresponding verb might not, if it were wanted, be found and used in strict conformity with the genius of our language. *Sugared* is an epithet frequent in our ancient poetry, and its use was probably anterior to that of the verb, of which it now appears to be a participle; but that verb has since been fully adopted in our language. We now *sugar* our cups, as formerly our ancestors *spiced* and *drugged* them; and no reason can be assigned why, if such was our practice, we might not also *honey* them, with equal propriety of speech.

"*Fourthly.* On the same analogy, we form another numerous and very valuable class of adjectives, compound epithets, derived like the others from substantives, and like them terminating as participles, but having prefixed to them the signification of some additional attribute. Such are, in common speech, *four-footed*, *open-hearted*, *short-sighted*, *good-natured*, and the like. In Poetry we trace them from the *well-envyned frankelein* of Chaucer, through the most brilliant pages of all his successors, to the present hour. What readers of Shakespeare and Milton need to be reminded of *even-handed*, *high-flighted*, *trumpet-tongued*; or

of *full-voiced*, *flowery-knitted*, and *fiery-wheeled*? All these expressions, and beautiful combinations, Johnson's canon would banish from our language. The criticism therefore recoils on himself. The Poet has followed the usage of his native tongue, and the example of its best masters. The Grammarian appears unacquainted both with its practice and its principles. The censure seems only to betray the vile passions,* which in a very powerful and well-intentioned, but a very ill-regulated mind, the success of a contemporary had been permitted to excite. The true spirit indeed of this criticism appears with no less force in what almost

* Compare the following passage from another writer, on the same person and subject : " To myself, much as I admire his great and various merits, both as a critic and a writer, human nature never appears in a more humiliating form, than when I read his ' Lives of the Poets,' a performance which exhibits a more faithful, expressive, and curious picture of the author than all the portraits attempted by his biographer ; and which, in this point of view, compensates fully, by the *moral* lesson it may suggest, for the *critical* errors which it sanctions. The errors, alas! are not such as any one who has perused his imitations of Juvenal can place to the account of a bad taste, but such as had their root in weaknesses, which a noble mind would be still more unwilling to acknowledge." *See* D. Stewart's Philosophical Essay, 4to, p. 491.

immediately follows, when Johnson attempts to ridicule a passage, which few other men have read without delight, — Gray's beautiful invocation of the Thames in the 'Ode on Eton College'; 'Say, Father Thames,' &c. 'This is useless,' he says, 'and puerile: Father Thames had no better means of knowing than he himself!' He forgets his own address to the Nile, in Rasselas, for a purpose very similar; and he expects his readers to forget one of the most affecting passages in Virgil. Father Thames might well know as much of the sports of boys as the great Father of Waters knew of the discontents of men, or the Tiber itself of the designs of Marcellus."

I would not violate that reverence due to so great a man as Dr. Johnson; but I must believe that very undeniable prejudice existed in his mind with regard to Gray, though how it arose I am at a loss to say. "Sir, he is a dull man," he said to a friend, "in every way: he is dull in writing, and dull in conception." All that I shall say to this extraordinary assertion is, that the public voice has acquitted the poet of dulness, for no quality is less easily pardoned; and as to his Letters, they abound

in humor more than those of any other writer in this country. I speak of his original and authentic correspondence, of which I have had the opportunity of seeing nearly the whole that exists; for Mason has, in fact, with a timid and most unnecessary circumspection, omitted much of the wit and humor, as he himself owns, "because from their personalities, or from some other local circumstances, they did not seem so well adapted to hit the public taste."

In the autumn of 1742 Gray composed "The Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College,"* and "The Hymn to Adversity"; the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" was also commenced. We have heard the expression in the twelfth line of the first Ode,

* The Ode on Eton College was first published in folio, in 1747, and appeared again in Dodsley's Collection, Vol. II. p. 267, in which the name of the author of the Hymn to Adversity first appeared, Dodsley, Vol. IV. together with the Elegy, and not, as Mason says, with the three foregoing Odes, which are printed in the second volume. In Mason's selection the Hymn is called an Ode, but the title Hymn is given by the author. The motto from Æschylus is not in Dodsley. The "Ode on Spring" appeared in Dodsley's Collection, Vol. II. p. 27, under the simple title of Ode. Dr. Joseph Wharton informs us, that little or no notice was taken of this Ode on Eton College on its first appearance.

"Ah! fields beloved in vain,"

considered as obscure, and not easily interpreted; but the Poem is written in the character of one who contemplates this life as a scene of misfortune and sorrow,

Ἄνθρωπος ἱκανὴ προφάσις εἰς τὸ δυστύχειν,

from whose fatal power the brief sunshine of youth is supposed to be exempt. The fields are "beloved" as the scene of youthful pleasures, and as affording the promise of happiness to come; but this promise never was fulfilled. Fate, which dooms man to misery, soon overclouded these opening prospects of delight. *That* is "in vain beloved" which does not realize the expectations it held out. No fruit but that of disappointment has followed the blossoms of a thoughtless hope. The happiness of youth must be pronounced imperfect, when not succeeded by the prosperity of future life, which, according to the poet, Fate has decreed to man: for this "youthful progeny" is described as sporting on the brink of misery. The "murderous band," the ministers of misfortune, are already in ambush to seize their little victims; but a little period now of

thoughtless joy is allowed to them, and then they will become a prey to those passions which are the vultures that tear the mind, and those diseases which are the painful family of death. The *fields* therefore, which are the brief abode of youthful sports, are "in vain beloved," as having promised happiness, which, from the very nature of man, and the tenure by which he holds his being, could not be realized. Such is the interpretation which I give to the line. I shall only further observe, that the repetition thrice of the word *shade* in the opening lines is very ungraceful; and that to "chase the rolling circle's speed" seems to me both an incorrect expression, and ungrammatical circumlocution. We neither call a hoop a "circle," nor do we speak of "chasing a speed."* Some parts of the Ode, however, both in the nature of the thought and sim-

* In the original manuscript the line stood,

"To chase the hoop's elusive speed";

which no doubt was altered on account of the word *elusive*. In another manuscript of Gray's writing of the same Ode, the twenty-second line is,

"Full many a *smiling* race";

instead of *sprightly*.

plicity of expression, are exquisitely beautiful; and similar praise may be given to the last stanza of the "Hymn to Adversity." It will be observed by those who read the Lyric Poetry with the careful attention which, for the high excellence, it deserves, that in the rhymes they are unusually faulty and succinct. This defect was acknowledged and lamented by Gray; for in one of his unpublished letters he says that he endeavored to give his language that clear, concise, and harmonious structure which is suited to Lyric Poetry; but he was always impeded by the difficulty of rhyming in these short measures. He seems to have considered accuracy of rhyme of inferior consequence to propriety and beauty of expression; and that such was the difficulty of moulding our poetical language, when the rhyming sound, or consonance, recurs so frequently, that its perfect accuracy is not attainable.

Gray's residence at Cambridge was now continued, not from any partiality to the place, but partly from the scantiness of his income, which prevented his living in London; and partly no doubt for the convenience which its

libraries afforded.* Original composition he almost entirely neglected; but he was diligently employed in a regular and very constant perusal of the Greek and Latin authors; so that in six years he had read all the writers of eminence in those languages, digesting and examining their contents, marking their peculiarities, and noting their corrupt and difficult passages. Many of these learned and critical commonplace-books exist in the library of Pembroke College; many others I have seen, all showing very curious and accurate scholarship, particularly those on the Greek historians and orators; and all written with a delicacy and accuracy of penmanship scarcely inferior

* Dr. Parr thinks that Gray's fixing his residence at the University, "in which place he adhered so steadily and long," the scantiness of his fortune, the love of books, and the easy access he had to them in many libraries, will hardly be considered as "*the sole motive.*" But where could he go? Besides, he had gradually formed out of the general society at Cambridge, an acquaintance with several persons of intelligence and knowledge, and a friendship with a few: —

"Nec tu credideris *urbanæ* commoda vitæ;
Quære Nasonem — quærit et illa tamen."

The unfinished "Hymn to Ignorance" is supposed to have been written in 1742, when he returned to Cambridge from abroad.

to the productions of the press. He formed for his own instruction a collection of Greek Chronology, which extended from the 30th to the 110th Olympiad, a period of 332 years, and which is chiefly designed to compare the time of all great men, their writings, and transactions. "I have read," he writes, "Pausanias and Athenæus all through, and Æschylus again. I am now in Pindar and Lysias; for I take verse and prose together, like bread and cheese." In the margins also of his classical books, various critical notices are inserted; and I remember many conjectural emendations in his copy of Barnes's Euripides: although critical emendations of the text of the ancient authors was not that branch of scholarship in which he much indulged. To the works of Plato he paid great attention, as may be seen in the extracts from the Pembroke MSS. printed by Mr. Mathias; and Mr. Carey, in his translation of the "Birds of Aristophanes," has done justice to Gray's accurate erudition displayed in his notes on that author.*

In 1744 the difference between Walpole and

* See Preface to "Carey's Translation of the Birds of Aristophanes," p. 20; and Notes *passim*.

Gray was, it is said, adjusted by the interference of a lady, who wished well to both, but with whose name I am not acquainted; and soon after, as a kind of propitiation, he consented to make Walpole's cat immortal, by his well-known little Poem on her death. In the third stanza, which is the most attractive of the whole, he originally wrote,

"Two *beauteous* forms were seen to glide";

which he afterwards altered to *angel* forms: but in my opinion the former reading was far preferable, as the images of "angel" and "genii" interfere with each other, and bring different associations to the mind.

About this time he became acquainted with Mr. Mason, then a scholar of St. John's College. He was also a regular correspondent with his intimate and valued friend, Dr. Wharton; and he seems to have lived on terms of some familiarity with the celebrated Conyers Middleton, whose loss he afterwards lamented. "I find a friend," he says, "so uncommon a thing, that I cannot help regretting even an old acquaintance, which is an indifferent likeness of it." He began also about this time his

Poem "On the Alliance of Education and Government," but he never wrote above a hundred lines. Mason thinks that he dropped it, from finding his best thoughts forestalled by Montesquieu; but some time after he had thoughts of resuming his plan, and of dedicating his Poem by an introductory ode to Montesquieu: that great man's death, however, which happened in 1755, made him drop his design finally. But Gray's own account of the matter is far more satisfactory. When Mr. Nicholls once asked him why he never finished that incomparable fragment, he said, "*He could not*"; and then explained himself in words to this effect: "I have been used to write chiefly Lyric Poetry, in which the Poem being short, I have accustomed myself to finish my part with care; and as this has been a habit, I can scarcely write in any other manner. The labor of this in a long Poem would hardly be tolerable; and if accomplished, it might possibly be defective in effect, by wanting the *chiaro-oscuro*." *

* On the following couplet I venture to make an observation: —

"With grim delight the brood of Winter view
A brighter day, and heav'ns of azure hue;

In the year 1749, his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," the finest of all his poems, received his last corrections, was communicated to Walpole, and handed about in manuscript with great applause. It was so popular, that Gray expressed his surprise at the rapidity of the sale. "It spread," said Mason, "at first on account of the affecting and serious interest of the subject; just like Hervey's Meditations on the Tombs.* Soon after its publication, I

Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose,
And quaff the pendent vintage, as it grows."

Firstly, The rose is not the peculiar growth of the southern climate, and consequently its fragrance was not *new* to the invaders. *Secondly*, Gray has, in taking his picture from Livy, omitted one striking circumstance, which was perhaps of all the most important inducement for the barbaric invasion; and substituted the fragrance of flowers in its room, a pleasure little attractive to the savage race. The words of the great and picturesque writer are as follow: "Eam gentem traditur fama dulcedine frugum, maximeque vini, *nova* tum voluptate captam, Alpes transiisse." Lib. V. c. 33. Certainly the attraction of the "*golden harvest*" would have been greater than that of "*the breathing rose.*"

* We may mention as a set-off to this general applause, and as a curiosity of criticism, the notice of it that appeared in the *Monthly*, then the leading Review of the day: "An Elegy written in a Country Churchyard, 4to, Dodsley, seven pages. The excellence of this little piece amply compensates for its want of quantity!"

remember sitting with Mr. Gray in his College apartment: he expressed to me his surprise: I replied, '*Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.*' He paused awhile, and, taking his pen, wrote the line on a printed copy of it lying on the table. 'This,' said he, 'shall be its future motto.' 'Pity,' said I, 'that Dr. Young's "Night Thoughts" have preoccupied it.' 'So,' replied he, 'indeed it is.' He had more reason to think I had hinted at the true cause of its popularity, when he found how different a reception his two Odes had met with."† Gray told Dr. Gregory, "that the Elegy owed all its popularity entirely to the subject, and that the public would have received it as well if it had been written in prose." With what justice this may be said, regarding the want of poetical taste of that day, we are ignorant; but the Elegy must be ranked among the most pathetic poems of our language. The subject was judiciously chosen, being one that attracted general interest; and it is adorned also with noble images, and fine poetical invention. I know no poem that was quoted in different works so

* See Mason's Life of Whitehead, p. 84.

soon after its publication, as one that had taken its rank at once among the classical productions of the country; and it has ever held its station among the most popular poems in the language. How long Gray was employed on the composition of it, I do not know; but it underwent repeated and careful revision. I possess many curious variations from the printed text, taken from a copy of it in his own writing, from which a few may be selected: —

For, "Molest her ancient solitary reign,"
it stood, "Molest and pry into her ancient reign."

For, "The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,"
it stood, "For ever sleep: the breezy call of morn."

For, "Or climb his knees, the *envied* kiss to share,"
it stood, "Or climb his knees, the *coming* kiss to share."

For, "Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood,"

it stood, "Some mute inglorious Tully here may rest;
Some Cæsar, guiltless of his country's blood."

For, "For thee who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,"

it stood, "If chance that e'er some pensive spirit more,
By sympathizing musings here delayed,

> With vain though kind inquiries still explore
> Thy ever loved haunt, — this long deserted shade."

And many others. Most of them are very improved readings; and it was certainly in a happy hour that he substituted *Milton* and *Cromwell* for *Cæsar* and *Tully*. That there are many faulty expressions in it, and even some defective construction, cannot be denied. In the line,

> "Or busy housewife *ply* her evening *care*,"

is surely an expression quite unauthorized. And the following has always appeared to me to be a very flat and unpoetical expression,

> "Nor you, ye Proud, *impute to these the fault*."

Again,

> "And many a holy *text* around she strews,
> *That teach* the rustic moralist to die."

As this construction is not, as it now stands, correct, I think that Gray originally wrote "*to teach*," but altered it afterwards, *euphoniæ gratia*, and made the grammar give way to the sound. However, I have no wish to pursue the ungrateful task of such criticism; and after all, I yield to no one in admiration of the

noble spirit and thoughts which animate this beautiful production of genius.*

Gray now superintended an edition of his Works, printed at the Strawberry Hill Press, by Mr. Walpole, with designs by Mr. Richard Bentley, the only son of the great Doctor Bentley, and at that time the friend of Walpole. He was a person of various talent and acquirements, and of very eccentric conduct and character. In this edition, "The Long Story," a quaint jocose poem, which he wrote

* Mason wonders that Gray rejected the following stanza, which came in after

"To meet the sun upon the upland lawn," &c.

but I should presume the reason to be, that the observation and language were too refined for the character of the hoary swain:

"Him have we seen the green-wood side along,
While o'er the heath we hied, our labor done,
Oft as the woodlark piped her farewell song,
With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun."

The other rejected stanza was omitted, as forming too long a parenthesis:

"There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are showers of violets found;
The red-breast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

Gray never produced any lines more exquisitely graceful than these.

to amuse his neighbors, Lady Cobham, and Miss Speed, was inserted.*

In March, 1753, he lost the mother whom he had so long and affectionately loved; and he placed over her remains an inscription, which strongly marks his piety and sorrow: —

BESIDE HER FRIEND AND SISTER,
HERE SLEEP THE REMAINS OF
DOROTHY GRAY,
WIDOW, THE TENDER MOTHER
OF MANY CHILDREN, ONE OF WHOM ALONE
HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO SURVIVE HER.
SHE DIED MARCH XIth MDCCLIII,
AGED LXXII.

* Gray lived in great intimacy with these ladies, his neighbors at the Old House at Stoke. I have seen a MS. letter from Miss Speed to him, written when he was in London, during the great heat of the summer, inviting him to Stoke, and telling him that "he shall find everything *cool*, except his reception."

The mention of the Old House, the scene of the "Long Story," suggests also the anecdote in the third stanza, —

"Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave lord keeper led the brawls;
The seals and maces danced before him."

On these lines, see a few observations which I printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, June, 1847. Of this house I have seen drawings, and a ground plan, in the possession of Mr. Penn, the late proprietor of Stoke Park.

It is usually supposed that the "Ode on the Progress of Poesy" was written in 1755. From a letter to Walpole, it appears that it was at that time finished, except a few lines towards the end. Gray mentions his being so unfortunate as to be too late for Bentley's edition,* and talks of inserting it in Dodsley's Collection. In 1754, it is supposed that he wrote the fragment of an "Ode to Vicissitude," as it is now called: the idea, and even some of the lines, are taken from Gresset's "Epitre sur ma Convalescence": there are some beautiful passages in it; as,

* In the very elegant Poem to Mr. Bentley, the last stanza was imperfect, the corner of the MS. being torn off. Mason supplied what was wanting in the words in the inverted commas: —

"Enough for me, if to some feeling breast
My lines a secret sympathy '*impart*';
And as the pleasing influence '*flows confest*,'
A sigh of soft reflection '*heaves the heart.*'"

To my taste, "heaves the heart," and "flows confest," are not in Gray's style. I think he had these in view Dryden's Epistle to Kneller; and under the shelter of this supposition I venture on another reading: —

"Enough for me, if to some feeling breast
My lines a secret sympathy '*convey*';
And as their pleasing influence '*is exprest*,'
A sigh of soft reflection '*dies away.*'"

> "Till April starts and calls around
> The sleeping fragrance from the ground;
> And lightly o'er the living scene
> Scatters his freshest, tenderest green."

And,

> "The meanest floweret of the vale,
> The simplest note that swells the gale,
> The common sun, the air, the skies,
> To him are opening Paradise."

And others might be quoted.

Mason, if he had had proper reverence for the talents of his friend, and could have estimated rightly his own powers, should have left the unfinished fragment as it came from the hands of the artist: *Nobis placet exemplum priscorum, qui Appelleam Venerem imperfectam maluerunt, quam integram manu extranea.* But he attempted to supply the "ivory shoulder"; and has produced some lines unusually bad, even for him; *ex. gr.*

> "He, unconscious whence the bliss,
> Feels, and owns in carols rude,
> That all the circling joys are his,
> Of dear Vicissitude."

Langhorne, in a Letter to Hannah More, writes: "I have read something that Mason has done, in finishing a half-written Ode of

Gray. I find he will never get the better of that glare of coloring, that 'dazzling blaze of song' (an expression of his own, and ridiculous enough), which disfigures half his writings." Langhorne was certainly right in his judgment, though in the mirror of his criticism he might have seen his own image, not faintly, nor unfairly, reflected.

Another Ode was also sketched, which might be called the "Liberty of Genius," though some of Gray's biographers have been pleased to call it, "The Connection between Genius and Grandeur." The argument of it, the only part which was ever written, is as follows: "All that men of power can do for men of genius is to leave them at their liberty, compared to birds, that, when confined to a cage, do but regret the loss of their freedom in melancholy strains, and lose the luscious wildness and happy luxuriance of their notes, which used to make the woods resound."

Gray, as Walpole remarks, was indeed *in flower* these last three years. "The Bard" was conceived, and part of it communicated to Mr. Stonehewer and Dr. Wharton, in 1755; but it was for some time left unfinished. The

accident, however, of seeing a blind harper, Mr. Parry, perform on the Welsh harp, again, he says, put his Ode in motion, and brought it at last to a conclusion. He submitted it to the opinion of his critical friends. He mentions a remark of Dr. Hurd upon it; and the "conceit of Mason," we are told by Walpole, "almost induced him to destroy his two beautiful and sublime Odes." In July, 1757, he took his Odes to London to be published. "I found Gray," says Horace Walpole, "in town last week: he brought his two Odes to be printed; I snatched them out of Dodsley's hands, and kept them to be the first-fruits of my press." Dodsley, however, afterwards purchased them, and Gray received forty pounds, his receipt of which is now in the possession of Mr. S. Rogers. These Odes were not very favorably received by the public; nor indeed could their very great excellence, the splendor of the imagery, the boldness of the figurative language, the varied harmony of the verse, and the exquisite finish of the diction, be appreciated but by a few. The reviewers were puzzled in their judgments. The reviewer of poetry for the "The

Critical," who was Dr. Franklin, mistook the "Æolian Lyre" for the "Æolian Harp." Mr. Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, said, that "if the Bard only recited his Ode *once* to Edward, he was sure he could not understand it." When this was told to Gray, he said, "If he had recited it twenty times, Edward would not have been a bit wiser; but that was no reason why Mr. Fox should not." Akenside criticised some of the expressions, but said much more in their praise. Warburton abused those who condemned, without being able to understand them; and Lord Lyttelton and Shenstone admired, but wished that Gray had been clearer.* One reviewer said "The Bard" was taken from Horace, and advised the poet in future to be more original.

In the original sketch for "The Bard," the

* "That Gray was conscious of the fault (obscurity) imputed to his Ode 'The Bard' is manifest to me from two particulars; one, his prefixing to it the motto, φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν· the other is, the explanatory notes which, with great reluctance, he added at last by the advice of his friends, *among whom was the writer of the Letter*, who drew up an analysis of the Ode for his own use, as mentioned in the Life of Gray." *See* "Remarks on the Pursuits of Literature, by John Mainwaring, B. D., Margaret Professor of Divinity," p. 19.

plan of the latter part was somewhat different from its present form. After reprobating Edward for his cruelties, he with prophetic spirit declares, that his cruelties shall never extinguish the noble ardor of poetic genius in the island; and that men shall never be wanting *to celebrate true virtue, and venture in immortal strains to expose vice and infamous pleasure, and boldly to repel tyranny and oppression.* But, unhappily for this design, instances of English poets are wanting. Spenser, it is true, celebrated virtue and heroic valor, but only in allegory. The dramas of Shakespeare could hardly be cited as examples of poetry having this great end and noble purpose always in view. Milton, as Mason observes, *censured tyranny and oppression*, not in poetry, but in prose; and then there only remained Dryden, Pope, and Addison, whose writings were little suited to his purpose. Therefore towards the conclusion he was obliged to change his plan, and praise Spenser for his allegory; Shakespeare, for his power of moving the passions; and Milton, for his epic excellence. Gray told Mason, that he was well aware *of many weakly things towards*

the conclusion, but hoped the end itself would do.

With regard to the form of the stanzas in which these Odes are composed, Gray considered that that used by some of our older poets, as Cowley and his followers, was too long; and that the proper length should be governed by this rule, that the ear should be able to keep in its memory the sound of every corresponding rhyme.*

It will not be without interest, if we turn for a moment from the direct narrative to one of Gray's Letters, which is not to be found in Mason's Memoirs of him; and ascertain what is the estimation in which he held the talents of his poetical contemporaries. Dodsley's volumes had been published a few years before, in which many of their celebrated compositions are to be found. "To begin," he writes, "with Mr. Tickell. This is not only a State poem (my ancient aversion), but a State poem on the Peace of Utrecht. If Mr. Pope had written a panegyric on it, one would hardly

* In Dryden's "Alexander's Feast," a few of the lines have no corresponding rhyme, which most likely escaped the poet in the process of composition.

have read him with patience. But this is only a poor short-winded imitator of Addison,* who had himself not above three or four notes in poetry; sweet enough indeed, like those of a German flute, but such as soon tire and satiate the ear, with their frequent return: Tickell has added to this a great poverty of sense, and a string of transitions that hardly become a school-boy: however, I forgive him for the sake of his Ballad, which I always thought the prettiest in the world.† All the verses of Mr. Green have been printed before: there is a profusion of wit everywhere: reading would have formed his judgment, and harmonized his verse; for even his wood-notes often break out in strains of real poetry and music. The 'School-Mistress' is excellent in its kind, and

* The best couplet of Tickell's best poem is in his Elegy on Addison: —

"He taught us how to live; and oh! too high
The price of knowledge, taught us how to die."

Now compare the following: "I have taught you, my dear flock, for above thirty years, how to live; and I will show you in a very short time how to die." *See* Anglorum Speculum, by G. Sandys, p. 903. So much for originality!

† To his fair Lucy, beginning

"Of Leicester, famed for maidens fair."

masterly; and 'London' is one of those few imitations that have all the ease and spirit of the original. The same man's verses at the opening of the Garrick Theatre are far from bad. Mr. Dyer has more of poetry in his imagination than almost any of our men here, but rough and injudicious. I should range Mr. Bramston as only a step or two above Dr. King, who is as bad in my estimation as in yours. Dr. Evans is a furious madman; and 'Præ-existence' is nonsense in all her altitudes. Mr. Lyttelton is a gentle elegiac person. Mr. Nugent sure did not write his own Ode.* I like Mr. Whitehead's little poems (I

* The Ode addressed to Mr. Pulteney. The following stanza was particularly admired, and is quoted by Gibbon, in the character of Brutus: —

> "What though the good, the brave, the wise,
> With adverse force undaunted rise,
> To break th' eternal doom?
> Though Cato lived, though Tully spoke,
> Though Brutus dealt the god-like stroke,
> Yet perished fated Rome."

Gray's conjecture that Nugent did not write his own Ode seems confirmed, for H. Walpole says: "Mr. Nugent had hitherto the reputation of an original poet, by writing verses of his own, after he had acquired fame by an Ode which was the joint production of several others. It was addressed to Lord Bath, upon the author's change

mean the 'Ode on a Tent,' the 'Verses to Garrick,' and particularly those to C. Townshend) better than anything I had ever seen before of him. I gladly pass over H. Brown, and the others, to come to you: you know I was of the publishing side, and thought your reasons against it — none. For though, as Mr. Chute said extremely well, the still small voice of Poetry was not made to be heard in a crowd, yet Satire will be heard, for all the audience are by nature her friends. What shall I say to Mr. Lowth, Mr. Ridley, Mr. Rolle, the Rev. Mr. Brown, Mr. Seward, &c.? If I say, 'Messieurs, this is not the thing; write prose, write sermons, write nothing at all'; they will disdain me and my advice. Mr. S. Jenyns can now and then write a good line or two, such as these: —

> 'Snatch us from all our little sorrows here,
> Calm every grief, and dry each childish tear.'

I like Mr. Aston Hervey's Fable; and an Ode, the best of all, by Mr. Mason, a new ac-

of religion; but was universally supposed to be written by Mallet, and improved by Chesterfield." *See* "Walpole's Memoirs," p. 40.

quaintance of mine, whose Muse too seems to carry with it the promise at least of something good to come. I was glad to see you distinguished who poor *West* was, before his charming Ode, and called it anything rather than *Pindaric*. The town is more cruel, if it don't like *Lady Mary;* and I am surprised at it.* We here are owls enough to think her Eclogues very bad; but that I did not wonder at. Our present taste is 'Sir Thomas Fitzosborne's Letters," &c.

In 1756 Gray left Peter-House, where he had resided about twenty years, on account of some incivilities he met with, which are mentioned in his correspondence. Mason says, that two or three young men of fortune, who lived on the same staircase, had for some time

* One of Lady Mary's poetical expressions seems to have been in Gray's memory when he wrote,

"'T was on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers that blow," &c.

Compare one of Lady Mary's Town Eclogues: —

"Where the tall *Jar* erects its stately pride,
With antic shapes, in China's azure dyed."
The Toilette.

This stately old jar, or vase, is now removed to the Earl of Derby's, at Knowsley, from Strawberry Hill.

continually disturbed him with their riots; and carried their ill-behavior so far as frequently to awaken him at midnight. After having borne with their insults longer than might have been expected, even from a man of less warmth of temper, Mr. Gray complained to the governing part of the society; and not thinking this remonstrance was sufficiently attended to, quitted the College. A month or two before he left, he wrote to Dr. Martin, "I beg you to bespeak me a rope ladder (for my neighbors every day make a great progress in drunkenness, which gives me cause to look about me). It must be full thirty-six feet long, or a little more, but as light and manageable as may be, easy to unroll, and not likely to entangle. I never saw one, but I suppose it must have strong hooks, or something equivalent at top, to throw over an iron bar, to be fixed in the side of my window. However, you will choose the properest form, and instruct me in the use of it." *

* Two iron bars may still be seen at the window of the chambers at Peter-House occupied by Gray, which are said to be of his placing there, for the purpose he mentions. I have been told, on the authority of Dr.

In 1757 Cibber died at an advanced age, and the Laureateship was offered by the Duke of Devonshire, the Lord Chamberlain, to Gray, with the privilege of holding it as a mere sinecure. This offer he respectfully declined, and mentions his reasons to Mason. "The office itself has always troubled the possessor hitherto: if he were a poor writer, by making him conspicuous; and if he were a good one, by setting him at war with the little fry of his own profession: for there are poets little enough even to annoy a poet laureate." The laurel was accepted, on Gray's refusal, by Mr. Whitehead; but Mason was not quite overlooked, for he received a compliment instead of the office. Lord John Cavendish made an apology to him, "that being in orders, he was thought less eligible than a layman."

In 1758 Gray describes himself as compos-

Gretton, the Master of Magdalene (who was formerly of Peter-House), that "the young men of fortune" were the late Lord Egmont, then Mr. Perceval, a Mr. Forrester, a Mr. Williams, and others; that Gray complained to the Master, Dr. Law, Bishop of Carlisle; and he offended Gray by the little regard he paid to the complaint, and by his calling it "a boyish frolic."

ing. for his own amusement, the little work which he calls "A Catalogue of the Antiquities, Houses, &c., in England and Wales," which he drew up on the blank pages of Kitchen's Atlas. After his death, it was printed in duodecimo, and distributed by Mason to his friends. In 1787 a new edition was printed for sale.*

About this period he was much employed in the study of architecture. Some of his observations appeared in Mr. Bentham's History of Ely, and in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1764 (April). A letter from Gray to Bentham is printed, which contains all the information he had afforded to the latter. This was published in consequence of a report, that the *whole* of the Treatise on Saxon, Norman, and Gothic Architecture, published in the History of Ely, was written by Gray.†

In January, 1759, the British Museum was

* I saw the original book at the sale of Gray's library, from which it appeared that Mason, in printing it, omitted entirely the references made by Gray to the works which he used. It had also the advantage over Mason's reprint, of having the maps of the counties.

† See Bentham's Preface to History of Ely, p. 13; and Nicholls's Literary Anecdotes, Vol. III. p. 489.

opened to the public, and Gray went to London,* to read and transcribe from the manuscripts collected there from the Harleian and Cottonian Libraries. His studies were directed to historical subjects, and not to poetical; though he says, "The library is so rich in Lydgate, Chaucer, and the older poets, as might induce him to pursue that branch of his collections." † A folio volume of his collections was in Mason's hands, out of which one paper alone, "The Speech of Sir Thomas Wyatt before the Privy Council," was printed in Lord Orford's Miscellaneous Antiquities, but, as I find from a note in Dr. Nott's Life of Gray, very imperfectly. "I live," he says, "in the Museum, and write volumes of antiquity. I have got out of the original ledger-

* For the convenience of being near the Museum, he lodged in Southampton Row; his residence at that time commanding a view of the country, and the Hampstead and Highgate hills. But in general he lived in Jermyn Street, St. James', either at Roberts' the hosier's, or at Frisby's the oilman's, towards the east end, on different sides of the street. In a manuscript letter of his which I have seen, he mentions *half-a-guinea* a week as the sum he used to pay for his room, and which he does not wish to exceed. His dinners he used to have from a neighboring coffee-house, probably in the Haymarket.

† From a manuscript letter.

book of the Signet, King Richard the Third's Oath to Elizabeth, late *calling herself Queen of England*, to prevail upon her to come out of the sanctuary, with her five daughters. His grant to Lady Hastings and her son, dated six weeks after he had cut off her husband's head. A letter to his mother; another to his chancellor, to persuade his solicitor-general not to marry Jane Shore, then in Ludgate by his command. Sir Thomas Wyatt's Defence at his Trial, when accused by Bishop Bonner of high treason. Lady Pembroke and her son's remarkable case; and several other odd things, unknown to our historians. When I come home, I have a great heap of the Conway Papers (which is a secret) to read and make out; in short, I am up to the ears, &c."* He was, as Dr. Johnson observes, but little affected by two "Odes of Obscurity and Oblivion," written by Messrs. Colman and Lloyd, in ridicule of him and Mason. The humor of them, I think, has been much over-praised; and I agree with Warburton, who in his usual

* The Conway Papers, in the reign of James I. *See* Walpole's Letters, Vol. V. p. 61; and the Letters to Dr. Zouch, p. 251, 4to.

strong language calls them "two miserable buffoon Odes." Dr. Joseph Wharton says, that "the Odes of Gray were burlesqued by two men of wit and genius, who however once owned to me that they repented of the attempt." *

During Gray's residence in London, he became slightly acquainted with Mr. Stillingfleet, the naturalist, whose death took place a few weeks after his own: and he wrote, at the request of Mr. Montague, an Epitaph upon Sir W. Williams, who was killed at the siege of Belleisle. He excused himself at first, on account of the very slight acquaintance he had with the deceased: but on Mr. Montague's repeating his request, he yielded. In one of his letters to Mr. Stonhewer, some little time previous, I remember reading, "I hear that Sir W. Williams is going to risk his *fine Vandyk head* in the war."

In 1762 the Professorship of Modern History being vacant by the death of Mr. Turner, by the advice of his friends, Gray applied to Lord Bute for the place, but was refused, and

* *See* Warton's Pope, Vol. I. p. 236; and also Colman's Works, Vol. I. p. 11.

the professorship was given to Mr. Brocket, the tutor to Sir John Lowther. "And so," says Gray, "I have made my fortune like Sir Francis Wronghead." In the summer of 1765 he took a journey to Scotland, both to improve his health and gratify his curiosity. He went through Edinburgh and Perth, and stayed some time at Slanes Castle, the residence of Lord Strathmore. Thence he took an excursion into the Highlands, crossing Perthshire by Loch Tay, and pursuing the road from Dunkeld to Inverness, as far as the pass of Killikrankie: then returned on the Stirling road to Edinburgh. "His account of his travels," says Johnson, "is, so far as it extends, curious and elegant. From his comprehension, which was ample, his curiosity extended to all the works of art, the appearances of nature, and all the monuments of past events." With the Lowlands he was much pleased; but the views of the Highlands, he said, ought to be visited every year. "The mountains are ecstatic. None but these monstrous creations of God know how to join so much beauty to so much horror. A fig for your poets, painters, gentlemen, and clergymen, that have not

been among them."* Here he made acquaintance with the author of "The Minstrel," and recommended emphatically to him the study of the writings of Dryden. He told Dr. Beattie, "that if there was any excellence in his own numbers, he had learnt it wholly from that great poet; and pressed him with earnestness to study him, as his choice of words and versification are singularly happy and harmonious." Part of the summer of 1766 he passed in a tour in Kent, and at the house of his friend Mr. Robinson, on the skirts of Barham Downs. In 1767 he again left Cambridge, and went to the North of England, on a visit to Dr. Wharton, from whose house he made excursions to the neighboring places, particularly to Hartlepool, the situation of which he seemed much to like, and where it appears, from his journal, that he spent much of his time in conversation with the fishermen, and in inquiries respecting the names, habits, and history of the fish that frequented that part of the coast.

He had intended a second tour in Scotland, but returned to London without accomplishing

* Manuscript.

his design. At Dr. Beattie's desire, a new edition of his Poems was published at Glasgow, and at the same time Dodsley was printing them in London. In both these editions "The Long Story" was omitted, as the plates from Bentley's designs were worn out, and Gray said "that its only use, which was to explain the plates, was gone." * Some pieces of Welch and Norwegian poetry are inserted in its place, of which the "Descent of Odin" is the most popular.

In 1768 the Professorship of Modern History again became vacant, by the death of Mr. Brocket; and the Duke of Grafton, then in power, at the request of Mr. Stonhewer, bestowed it on Gray. The Duke, on the death of the Duke of Newcastle, was elected to the Chancellorship of the University. His installation took place in the summer, and Gray returned the favor he had received, by writing his Ode on the occasion, — as beautiful a poem, it appears to me, as was ever raised by

* Bentley's original drawings for the work were sold at the sale of Strawberry Hill, and in the volume was inserted a pencil drawing of the Old House, under which Horace Walpole had written, "This is the only drawing I know by Gray."

poetical fancy from such apparently inadequate materials. The fourth stanza, in which the founders of the different colleges pass in procession before us, like a stream of airy forms, is adorned with the richest fancy, and expressed in the most musical numbers and varied harmony of verse and language. There is, so far as the verse extends, no lyric poem in our language of such rich elaborate *chasing*, or glowing with such a magical splendor of coloring, and such a fine combination of beautiful images, appropriate words, and exquisitely regulated verse.

Gray told Dr. Beattie, that he considered himself bound in gratitude to the Duke of Grafton to write the Ode, and that he foresaw the abuse that would be thrown upon him for it, but did not think it worth his while to avoid it. Mr. Nicholls tells us, that, during a visit he paid to Gray, the latter offered with a good grace — what he could not have refused, if it had been asked of him — to write the Installation Ode. This, however, he considered as a sort of task, to which he submitted with great reluctance; and it was long after he first mentioned it to him before he could prevail

on himself to begin the composition. He says, "One morning, when I went to him as usual after breakfast, I knocked at his door, which he drew open, and exclaimed, with a loud voice, —

'Hence, avaunt! 't is holy ground!'

I was so astonished, that I almost feared he was out of his senses; but this was the beginning of the Ode, which he had just composed."

And here, perhaps, as this is the last of Gray's three *great* Odes, it will be due both to the poet, and to his admirers, to quote a portion of what Mr. Mathias has observed on Gray's lyrical versification: "The peculiar formation of the strophe, antistrophe, and epode was unknown before him; and it could only have been planned and perfected by a master-genius, who was equally skilled, by repeated study, and by transfusion into his own mind of the lyric compositions of ancient Greece, and of the higher *canzoni* of the Tuscan poetry, '*di maggior carmi e suono*,' as it is termed in the commanding energy of their language. Antecedent to 'The Progress of Poesy' and 'The Bard,' no such lyrics had

appeared. There is not an ode in the English language constructed like these two compositions, with such power, such majesty, and such sweetness: with such appropriate pauses, and just cadences; with such regulated measure of the verse; with such master principles of lyric art displayed and exemplified, and at the same time with such concealment of the difficulty, which is lost by the softness and uninterrupted fluency of the lines in each stanza; with such a musical magic, that every verse of it in succession dwells on the ear, and harmonizes with that which is gone before."

When the ceremony of the Installation was over, Gray went on a tour to the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. His old friend Dr. Wharton, who was to have been his companion in the journey, was seized with a return of an asthmatic fit on the first day, and went home. Gray pursued his solitary tour, and sent a journal of his travels regularly to his friend. This has been printed. It is written with great simplicity and elegance, and abounds in lively and picturesque description. "He that reads his Epistolary Narrative," says Johnson, "wishes that to travel,

and tell his travels, had been more of his employment."

In April, 1770, he complains much of a depression of spirits, talks of an intended tour in Wales in the summer, and of meeting his friend, Dr. Wharton, at Mason's house at Aston. In July, however, he was still at Cambridge, and wrote to Dr. Beattie, complaining of illness and pains in the head, &c. This letter sent him some criticisms on the first book of "The Minstrel," which have since been printed. This tour took place in the autumn: his companion was his friend Mr. Nicholls, of Blundeston in Suffolk, a gentleman of much accomplishment, and who was admitted during the latter part of Gray's life into very intimate friendship with him. He was, I believe, the Octavius of the "Pursuits of Literature." In May, 1771, he wrote to Dr. Wharton, just sketching the outline of his tour to Wales and some of the adjoining counties. This is the last letter that appears in Mason's collection. He there complains of an unusual cough, of spirits habitually low, and of the uneasiness which the thoughts of the duties which his professorship gave him, which, after

having held three years, he had now a determined resolution to resign.* He mentions also different plans of travel and amusement that he had projected. A few days after, he removed to London, where his health more and more declined. Dr. Gisborne, his physician, advised a purer air, and he went to Kensington: there in some degree he revived, and returned to Cambridge, intending to go from that place to his friend Dr. Wharton's, at Old Park. Some little time before this, his friend Mr. Robinson had seen Gray in his lodgings in Jermyn Street: he was then ill, apparently in a state of decay, and in low spirits. He expressed regret that he had done so little in literature, and lamented that at last, when he had become easy in circumstances, he had lost his health.

On the 24th of July, while at dinner in the College Hall, he was seized with an attack of gout in his stomach.† The violence of the

* Gray began an inaugural "Lecture on History" in Latin, extending to about a couple of pages, which I possess. It is much corrected, and he probably had lost his facility, by long disuse, of composing in that language.

† Mr. Cary mentions in his Diary, that he conversed with the college servant who assisted to carry Gray from

disease baffled the power of medicine. He was attended very carefully by Professor Plumptree and Dr. Glynn. Afterwards, Mr. Stonhewer, hearing of his danger, brought Dr. Gisborne from London. In the night he was seized with convulsions, and did not always talk coherently. He died about eleven o'clock on the 30th, in the fifty-fifth year of his age, sensible almost to the last, quite aware of his danger, and expressing no repining nor concern at the thoughts of leaving this world. He appointed Mr. Brown and Mr. Mason his executors; and desired to be buried near his mother, at Stoke. Mr. Brown saw his body laid in the grave; but it is singular, that no tomb or monument has been erected to his memory: a small stone, inserted lately in the wall of the church, is the only memorial which indicates the spot where the Poet's dust reposes.

Of Gray's person, his biographer has given no account, and Lord Orford has just mentioned it.* There is a portrait of him at

the hall to his chamber, when he was thus suddenly attacked. Memoir of H. Cary, by his Son, Vol. I. p. 223.

* *See* Walpoliana, Vol. I. p. 95. I must, however, ob

Pembroke College, by Wilson, done after his death, from recollection, which has been engraved both for Mason's and Mr. Mathias's edition. There is also an *etching* by Doughty, from a drawing by Mr. Mason; and there is one also copied by Mr. Henry Laws, a pupil of Bartolozzi: it is perhaps the most correct likeness of all. Dr. Turner, the late Master of Pembroke College, and Dean of Norwich, had two profile heads of Gray, taken by a Mr. Mapletoft, a Fellow of that college, one of which, he said, conveyed a strong resemblance; but the *relievo* on his monument in Westminster Abbey is the one most to be relied on, and from which Mr. Behnes very judiciously formed the bust which is now placed in the Upper School-room at Eton.

Though warmly attached to a few, Gray was very fastidious in the choice of his society; and in his later years he was afflicted by such painful and debilitating disorders, as to confine him in a great measure to the solitude of his own apartments, or to the occasional visits of

serve, that this book is to be received with great caution; for I have no doubt that the editor, Mr. Pinkerton, inserted throughout many of his own opinions, and much of his own writing.

a few intimate friends. He mentions in one of his later letters, which I have had the opportunity of seeing, that he could not see to read at all with one eye; and that he had the *muscæ volitantes* so before the other, that, if he lived, he had the chance of being quite blind. The following description of him, about this period of his life, has been given from personal recollection: — "From his earliest almost to his latest residence at Cambridge, its usages, its studies, its principal members, were the theme of his persevering raillery; neither could all the pride they felt in the presence of such an inmate prevent on every occasion a spirit of retaliation. Among the older and more dignified members of that body, out of the narrow circle (and very narrow that circle was) of his resident academical friends, he was not, if the truth must be spoken, regarded with great personal respect. The primness and precision of his deportment, the nice adjustment of every part of his dress, when he came abroad,

'Candentesque comæ, et splendentis gratia vestis,'

excited many a smile, and produced many a

witticism.* Nay, even a stanza in 'Beattie's Minstrel,' as it stood in the first edition, has been supposed to have undergone a revision, prompted by the tenderness of friendship, in consequence of the strong, though undesigned resemblance which it struck out of the Cambridge Bard:

> 'Fret not thyself, thou man of modern song,
> Nor violate the plaster of thy hair;
> Nor to that dainty coat do aught of wrong;
> Else how may'st thou to Cæsar's hall repair?
> For sure no damaged coat may enter there,' &c.

In his later days, however, and when he seldom appeared in public, due homage was paid to the author of 'The Bard' by the younger members of the University, which deserves to be commemorated. Whenever Mr. Gray appeared upon the Walks, intelligence ran from College to College and the tables in the different Halls, if it happened to be the hour of dinner, were thinned by the desertion of young men thronging to behold him."† The truth is, though Gray remained

* Among those remembered was an epigram of Smart's, and a repartee of a fruit-woman at a coffee-house.

† From the Recollections of Dr. Whitaker, the historian of Craven.

always at Cambridge, he appeared so little in public, that Mr. Mathias was there for a whole year without ever having had the opportunity of seeing him. The late Lord St. Helens said, that when he came to Cambridge in 1770, having had a letter of introduction to Gray, he received a visit from him. He was accompanied by Dr. Gisborne, Mr. Stonhewer, and Mr. Palgrave, and they *walked in Indian file.* When they withdrew, every College-man took off his cap as they passed, a considerable number being assembled in the quadrangle to see Mr. Gray, who was seldom seen. I asked, he added, Mr. Gray, to the great dismay of his companions, "What he thought of 'Garrick's Jubilee Ode' just published?" He answered, "I am easily pleased."

The political opinions of Gray, Walpole said he never understood. Sometimes he seemed inclined to the side of authority, and sometimes to that of the people. "I remember in one of his manuscript letters his saying, 'You know how much I dislike the spirit of trade,' which was then rapidly increasing." In conversation, Walpole says, "that Gray was so circumspect in his usual language, that

it seemed unnatural, though only pure English." And in a letter to George Montague, he writes, "I agree with you most absolutely in your opinion about Gray: he is the worst company in the world, from a melancholy turn, from living reclusely, and from a little too much dignity: he never converses easily; all his words are measured and chosen, and formed into sentences." And again: "My Lady Ailesbury has been much diverted, and so will you too. Gray is in their neighborhood. My Lady Carlisle says, *He is extremely like me in his manner.* They went on a party to dine on a cold loaf, and passed the day. Lady A. protests that he never opened his lips but once, and then only said, 'Yes, my lady, I believe so.'" Mr. Nicholls, who made a tour with him, as has been mentioned, the year before his death, says, "That with the society at Malvern he had neither inclination to mix much in conversation, nor much facility, had he been willing. This arose partly from natural reserve, and which is called *shyness*, and partly from having lived retired in the University during so great a part of his life; where he had lost, as he told me himself,

the versatility of his mind." This account is probably true enough, as regards mixed company and general society; but when it was worth his while to talk, when his companion was a man of knowledge, and his subject one of interest, we shall find a very different relation of his conversational habits. "Gray's letters," says Dr. Beattie, "very much resemble what his conversation was: he had none of the airs either of a scholar or a poet; and though on these, and on all other subjects, he spoke to me with the utmost freedom, and without any reserve, he was in general company much more silent than one could have wished." He writes to Sir W. Forbes: "I am sorry you did not see Mr. Gray on his return; you would have been much pleased with him. Setting aside his merit as a poet (which, however, is greater in my opinion than any of his contemporaries can boast, in this or any other nation), I find him possessed of the most exact taste, the soundest judgment, and the most extensive learning. *He is happy in a singular facility of expression.* His composition abounds with original observations, delivered in no appearance of sententious for-

mality, and seeming to arise spontaneously, without study or premeditation. I passed two days with him at Glammis, and found him as easy in his manner, and as communicative and frank as I could have wished." *

Soon after Gray's death, a character of him was drawn up and printed by the Rev. Mr. Temple, of whom the reader will find some account in the correspondence which has been lately published between Gray and Mr. Nicholls. This account was adopted both by Mr. Mason and Dr. Johnson, as impartial and accurate; and Boswell says that Mr. Temple knew Gray well. The following is an extract from it: "Perhaps Mr. Gray was the most learned man in Europe. He was equally acquainted with the elegant and proper parts of science, and that not superficially, but thoroughly. He knew every branch of history, both natural and civil; had read all the original histories of England, France, and Italy; was a great antiquarian. Criticism, metaphysics, morals, politics, made a principal part of his study. Voyages and travels of all sorts were his favorite amusement; and he

* *See* Life of Beattie, by Sir W. Forbes, Vol. II. p. 321.

had a fine taste in prints, paintings, architecture, and *gardening*.* With such a fund of knowledge, his conversation must have been equally instructive and entertaining. There is no character without some speck or imperfection; and I think the greatest defect in his was an affectation of delicacy, or rather effeminacy, and a visible fastidiousness, or contempt and disdain of his inferiors in science. He had also in some degree that weakness which disgusted Voltaire so much in Congreve. Though he seemed to value others chiefly according to the progress they had made in knowledge, yet he would rather not be con-

* This is very incorrect. Gray always disclaimed any skill in gardening, and held it in little estimation, declaring himself only charmed with the wilder parts of unadorned nature. *See also* "Mason's English Garden," Book III. 25. It was mountain scenery in which he delighted. I remember in one of his MS. letters, after he had returned from the Highlands of Scotland, his burst of delight, and saying, "One ought to go there every year." Sir James Mackintosh observed, in a letter to a friend, "In the beautiful scenery of Bolton Abbey, where I have been since I began this note, I am struck by the recollection of a sort of merit in Gray, which is not generally observed; that he was the first discoverer of the beauties of nature in England, and has marked out the course of every picturesque journey that can be made in it."

sidered merely as a man of letters; and though without birth, fortune, or station, his desire was to be looked upon as that of a private independent gentleman, who read for his amusement," &c.

Towards the end of the year 1769, Mr. Nicholls introduced Mr. de Bonstetten, then a youth, in a letter from Bath, to Gray's notice. He resided at Cambridge some months, during which time he enjoyed daily the society of Gray, who appears to have been quite captivated by the disposition and manners of the young foreigner. Sixty years after this time, and just before his death, Bonstetten printed a little volume of his Recollections, and the following very curious account of Gray is to be found in it: "Eighteen years before my residence at Nyon, I passed some months at Cambridge with the celebrated poet Gray, in almost as much intimacy as I afterwards did with Mathison; only with this difference, that Gray was thirty years older, and Mathison sixteen years younger. My gravity, my love for English poetry, which I read with Gray, had so subdued and softened him (*subjugué*), that the difference of our age was no longer felt. I

lodged at Cambridge, at a coffee-house close to Pembroke Hall. Gray lived there, buried in a kind of cloister, which the fifteenth century had not removed. The town of Cambridge, with its solitary colleges, was nothing else than an assemblage of monasteries, where the mathematics and some sciences took the form and habit of the theology of the middle ages; handsome conventional buildings, with long and silent corridors; solitary figures in black gowns; young noblemen metamorphosed into monks, with square caps; everywhere one was reminded of monks, by the side of the glory of Newton. No virtuous female cheered and amused the lives of these bookworms in human form; but knowledge sometimes flourished in the deserts of the heart. Such was Cambridge, as I saw it in 1769. What a contrast between the life of Gray at Cambridge and that of Mr. Mathison at Nyon. Gray, in condemning himself to live at Cambridge, forgot that the genius of the poet languishes, when the feelings of the heart are dried up. The poetic genius was so extinguished in the gloomy abode at Cambridge, that *the remembrance of his poetry was odious to him.* He

never permitted me to speak to him about it. When I repeated some of his lines, he was as silent as an obstinate child. 'Why don't you answer me?' I sometimes said; but not a word could I get from his lips. I saw him every evening from five o'clock till twelve: we read together Shakespeare, whom he worshipped, and Dryden and Pope and Milton, &c.; and our friendly conversation seemed never to be exhausted. I related to Gray the history of my life, and of my country; but his life was a closed book to me: he never spoke to me of himself. With Gray, between the present and the past, there was an impassable gulf: when I endeavored to approach it, dark clouds and shadows covered it. I believe that Gray was never in love; this is the solution of the enigma: thence resulted a misery of heart, which contrasted strongly with his brilliant imagination, and which was the torment, instead of proving the happiness, of his life. Gray had at once gayety in his mind, and melancholy in his character; but this melancholy was the unsatisfied demand of a repressed sensibility, existing under the arctic pole of a Cambridge life," &c.

This lively and dramatic sketch contains some truth, but the coloring of the whole is exaggerated. That Gray should dislike to converse about his poetry might possibly arise from the conviction, that a young foreigner, who was not able to write a sentence of English correctly, could not appreciate it; and there were circumstances also connected with Gray's early life which were no doubt painful to him to recollect; and some, too, to which he obscurely alludes in his letters, deeply affected him, that were occasioned by the misbehavior and misfortune of one whom he had called his friend. Something perhaps might have been misunderstood by the young foreigner, something exaggerated in his statement, and not carefully remembered, after an interval of many years. It must also be remarked, that Gray's constitution was enfeebled and impaired by constant attacks of hereditary gout, and other painful complaints, destroying his ease and disordering his frame. He speaks constantly of the sleepless night and feverish morning, and seems seldom to have been free from pain, debility, and disease. Expressions similar to the following may be

found in many passages in his different journals: "*Insomnia crebra*, atque *expergiscenti* surdus quidem doloris sensus: frequens etiam in regione sterni oppressio, et cardialgia gravis, fere sempiterna." But there are also many passages in his letters, opening to our view habitual lowness of spirits, or a mental uneasiness, expressing itself in such language as the following: "I should like to be like ——, and think that everything turns out for the best in the world; but it won't do. I am stupid and low-spirited; but some day or other all this must come to a conclusion." *

It remains now to speak of an intended publication in English literature, mentioned by Gray in an advertisement to the imitation of the Welsh Odes, which was, a "History of English Poetry." It appears that Warburton had communicated to Mason a paper of Pope's

* Partly from the "Explanations of the late Archdeacon Oldershaw," partly from his unpublished correspondence, I believe that I am particularly acquainted with those circumstances that spread a considerable gloom over Gray's mind, and perhaps permanently affected his spirits in the manner in which Mr. Bonstetten has described, but which it is quite useless to draw from the obscurity in which they have been placed, especially as Gray's own character is totally unaffected by them.

containing the first sketch for a work of the nature, and which was printed in "Ruffhead's Life of Pope." "Milton," says Dryden, "was the paternal son of Spenser, and Waller of Fairfax; for we have our lineal descendants and children, as well as other families." On this principle, Pope drew up his little catalogue of the English poets, and Gray was so much pleased with the method of arrangement which Pope had struck out, that, on Mason's agreeing to publish them, he revised and considerably enlarged the plan. He meant in the introduction to ascertain the origin of rhyme; to give specimens of the Provençal, Scaldic, British, and Saxon poetry; and when the different sources of English poetry were *ascertained*, the history was to commence with the school of Chaucer. It was for this purpose that he wrote his Welsh and Norwegian Odes, and made those curious and elaborate inquiries into the origin of rhyme and metre, which have been subsequently printed by Mr. Mathias. He also transcribed many passages from Lydgate, whose merits he considered had been undervalued; and I possess a character of Samuel Daniel, undoubtedly intended by him

for this work, drawn up with great care, and with a critical examination of his poetical beauties and defects.

About this time, however, he found that Mr. Thomas Warton was engaged in a similar undertaking; and, fatigued with the extent of his plan, he sent it to him, of whose abilities, from his Observations on Spenser, he entertained a high opinion.* It is well known that Warton did not adopt that kind of arrangement which Pope and Gray had recommended, and he gave his reasons for departing from it in the Preface to his History. Gray died some years before Warton's first volume appeared.

From poetry to music is a natural transition; and therefore it may be observed, that Gray's taste in music was excellent, and formed on the study of the old Italian masters, who flourished about the time of Pergolesi, as Marcello, Leo, and Palestrina. He performed on the harpsichord, and sang to his own accompaniment, with great taste and feel-

* Gray and Mason first detected the impostures of Chatterton. *See* Archæological Epistle to Dean Milles, Stanza XI. (This poem was Mason's writing.)

ing. Mr. Cole says, Gray latterly played on the piano-forte, and sang to *him*, but not without solicitation.*

In his later years he applied himself to Gothic and Saxon architecture with such industry and sagacity, that he could at first sight pronounce on the precise time when any particular part of our cathedrals was erected. For this purpose, he trusted less to written accounts and works than to the internal evidence of the buildings themselves. He invented also several terms of art, the better to express his meaning on this subject. Of heraldry, to which he applied as a preparatory science, he was a considerable master, and left behind him many curious genealogical papers. He told Mr. Nicholls, that he was deeply read in Dugdale, Hearne, Spelman, and others of

* "He has frequently played upon the harpsichord, and sang to it freely, as frequently latterly on the forte-piano. His forte-piano was a present to him from his friend Mr. Stonhewer, which at his death he bequeathed to him again. Cole's MS. Notes. Gray's friend, Mr. Nicholls, was very musical. Mr. Uvedale Price says "that Gray was not partial to the music of Handel; but used to speak with praise of that chorus in the Oratorio of Jephthah, 'No more to Ammon's God and king.'" *See* Essays on the Picturesque, Vol. II. p. 191.

that class; and that he took as much delight in that study as ever he did in any other. When Mr. Nicholls expressed his surprise to Gray at the extent of his reading, he said, "Why should you be surprised? for I do nothing else." He said, "He knew from experience how much might be done by a person who did not fling away his time on middling and inferior authors, and read with method. He thought that the abundance of dictionaries of different kinds was a bad symptom for the literature of the age, because real and profound learning is never derived from such sources, but drawn at the fountain-head; and they who are content to pick up the scanty and superficial information which can be acquired by such means have neither the spirit nor the industry to *study a subject through*, in the original authors: nor indeed have they any further demands on literature, than for a sufficient supply to satisfy their vanity."

As the life of Gray advanced, it was still marked by the same studious and secluded habits; but he appears gradually to have left his classical studies for a more extended circle of reading, including history, antiquities, voy-

ages, and travels; and in many of the books in his library, as Fabian's Chronicles, Clarendon, and others, the extreme attention with which he read is seen by his various and careful annotations, and by the margins being filled with illustrations and corrections drawn from State Papers, and other original documents. The latest period of his life seems to have been very much occupied in attention to natural history in all its varied branches, both in the study of books, and in the diligent observation of nature. He kept every year a pocket diary or journal, entering daily observations on the state of the weather, on the prevailing currents of wind, or the variations of the thermometer, with as much attention and minuteness as would be found in a nautical almanac. Other columns contained a floral calendar, a list of plants, including trees and flowers, in the order in which they awoke to life in the spring, or flowered in the summer months, or decayed with the dying year; and this was done with a patience and minuteness almost incredible. Yet it formed only one portion of the labor bestowed on these inquiries. In his journals, of which I have met

with several, are accounts of all the birds, fish, insects, animals, and plants seen by him in different localities in his travels, for the most part described in Latin, and all arranged according to the systematic order of Linnæus, and that with such laborious distinction, that (as an instance) the plants he saw when staying with Mr. Robinson at Denton, in Kent, are divided into the hill, field, and those seen by the roadside, or on old walls and ruins. When at Hartlepool, near Durham, he records his conversation with the fishermen on some species of fish which he regarded as doubtful, and they are all elaborately described.

The same kind of botanical register he kept at Old Park, and wherever he went; and all catalogues of exhibitions and museums of natural history inspected by him were noted, generally with reference to the nomenclature of Linnæus. But the greatest monument of his talent and knowledge is the interleaved copy of the French edition of Linnæus's "Systema Naturæ," which work, we are told, during the latter part of his life, was always lying on his table. It is entirely filled both in the margins and in interlineations of the

printed text, and also in the blank leaves inserted, with additions to Linnæus from other works of travel or science, or with alterations and amendments of his own, especially noting where the fauna of Sweden differed from that of England. It is also adorned and illustrated with designs and figures of insects and birds, or portions of them, drawn with accuracy and elegance, both in the natural size, and magnified.

This book proves that he had a very profound knowledge of the *whole* system of nature, as arranged by the great Swedish naturalist; and I have also seen letters from him to different friends, who had sent him some natural productions, as rare birds, fish, &c., giving copious and detailed information on the subject. Occasionally he altered the Latinity of Linnæus,* and sometimes amused himself in giving the technical descriptions in a metrical form. The following lines express the genuine character of the fifth order of insects, and are formed chiefly from the language of the Swedish naturalist.

* See instances of this published in Mr. Mathias's edition of Gray's Works.

HYMENOPTERA.

At vitreas alas, jaculumque Hymenoptera caudæ
Fœmineo data tela gregi, maribusque negata.
Telum abdit spirale *Cynips*, morsuque minatur:
Maxillas *Tenthredo* movet, serramque bivalvem.
Ichneumon gracili triplex abdomine telum.
Haurit *Apis* lingua incurva quod vindicat ense.
Sphex alam expandit lævem, gladiumque recondit.
Alæ ruga notat *Vespam*, caudæque venenum.
Squamula *Formicam* tergi, telumque pedestrem.
Dum minor alata volitat cum conjuge conjux
Mutilla impennis, sed cauda spicula vibrat.

HEMIPTERA.

Dimidiam rostrata gerunt Hemiptera crustam;
Fœmina serpit humi interdum, volat æthere conjux:
Rostro *Nepa* rapax pollet, Chelisque; *Cicada*
Remigio alarum et rostrato pectore saltat:
Tela *Cimex* inflexa gerit, cruce complicat alas:
Notonecta crucem quoque fert, remosque *pedales*
Cornua *Aphis* caudæ et rostrum; sæpe erigit alas:
Deprimit has *Chermes*, dum saltat, pectore gibbo.
Coccus iners caudæ setas, volitante marito.
Thrips alas angusta gerit, caudamque recurvam.

LEPIDOPTERA.

Squamam alæ, linguæ spiram Lepidoptera jactant;
Papilio clavam et squamosas subrigit alas.
Prismaticas *Sphinx* antennas, medioque tumentes;
At conicas gravis extendit sub nocte *Phalæna.*

But Gray's labors are often seen extending even beyond what we must conceive to be the verge of rational inquiry, considering the little advantage to be derived from such long and

laborious exertions. I possess, among several others of his books, his copy of "*Voyage de Bergeron*"; and all through this book, which is a thick quarto volume, he has followed the author in his account of the names and succession of the Persian, Tartar, and Chinese dynasties; sometimes illustrating, sometimes enlarging his account with the same apparent pains which he had previously taken in his classical and poetical studies. As one example of this minute and extended curiosity, Bergeron says, speaking of Bagdo, "*second fils de Hoccato-Cham, il fut noyé avec un nombre des siens.*" Gray first adds, "Bagdo was nephew to Oglai. Bergeron is wrong: the drowning took place in 1235, and Bagdo Khan was certainly alive many years after: he died in 1256." Again, Bergeron says, "*Mango-Cham fut noyé*": Gray adds in the margin, "Muncaça, or Mango Khan, was not drowned, but in reality slain in China at the siege of Hochew in 1256." Another traveller had said, "The name of this king was *Abassidus-Ahmed*": Gray adds, "Ahmed Emir al Mumenin; this Abassid, surnamed Al-Nasor, was fifty-second khaliff, but he came not to the

throne till A. D. 1179; so that the khaliff then reigning must be Hassan-Al-Moothaday, his predecessor." He corrects another statement of the traveller Rubriques thus: "It was not Bates-Khan, but Jarmagan, Ogtai's general, who defeated Cai Khosru the Second, surnamed Gaiatheddin, the eighth Selginmid sultan of Asia Minor in 1342." And in this manner he has filled the margins of a thick quarto volume of Oriental travels with very elaborate annotations, and corrections of the different authors, all written in the most careful and delicate hand; and has followed the author through the whole of this elaborate work, employed on subjects so utterly remote from all common curiosity and interest, with the same critical and patient investigation, as if his learning was particularly directed in that channel, or that he was meditating a work on similar subjects. His copy of "*Liste des Insectes*," which I also possess, is annotated on in a similar way; and the margin of his copy of the "Historia Animalium" of Aristotle, in the edition of Sylburgius, is crowded with notes and explanations. His copy of "Entinck's London and its Environs," in six

volumes, 8vo, is full of remarks and corrections on the architecture, sculpture, &c., of the different buildings in the metropolis; and there is another copy of the same work in the library of Nuneham, equally full of his observations, from which Mr. Pennant was allowed to take materials for his work.

One most important branch of study alone passed unnoticed by him, or at least was only casually pursued; I mean that of *theology:* and it is singular, that in one of his later letters, I found Mason writing to him, "I wish I could get you to read Jeremy Taylor, the Shakespeare of English prose." Spenser, Shakespeare, and Dryden were his favorite poets; and he also thought highly of Pope. He placed Lord Clarendon at the head of our historians; and, for style, he thought that of Conyers Middleton much to be approved. Of the "Clarissa" of Richardson, he spoke in the highest terms; he said, "He knew no instance of a tale so well told"; and mentioned with the highest commendation the dramatic propriety and consistency of the character, preserved from the beginning to the end, in all the situations and circumstances. He thought

Goldsmith a genuine poet: Cibber's comedies he considered excellent; and he said that "Vanbrugh's plays were much better than his architecture."

His French reading was extensive: he esteemed very highly the dramas of Voltaire and the *Émile* of Rousseau; but his knowledge of Italian literature did not extend beyond the writers of the first class; for Mr. Mathias says that Gray had never read Filicaia, Guidi, and the other lyrical poets highly esteemed in Italy. In his correspondence, printed and manuscript, many other literary opinions and judgments will be found, both on the older authors and on the writings of his contemporaries.

But it is time that this narrative should draw to a close: and as Gray's acquirements, however extensive, must be considered secondary to his fine poetical talents, I cannot, I think, form a better conclusion, than by giving a sketch of the latter, as drawn by Sir James Mackintosh, with his usual solidity of judgment and delicacy of taste. "Gray," he writes, following some observations on the merits of Goldsmith, "was a poet of a

far higher order, and of almost an opposite kind of merit. Of all English poets, he was the most finished artist. He attained the highest degree of splendor of which poetical style seems to be capable. If Virgil and his scholar Racine may be allowed to have united so much more ease with their elegance, no other poet approaches Gray in this kind of excellence. The degree of poetical invention diffused over such a style, the abundance of taste and of fancy necessary to produce it, and the art with which the offensive boldness of imagery is polished away, are not, indeed, always perceptible to the common reader, nor do they convey to my mind the same species of gratification which is felt from the perusal of those poems which seem to be the unpremeditated effusions of enthusiasm. But to the eye of the critic, and more especially to the artist, they afford a new kind of pleasure, not incompatible with a distinct perception of the art employed, and somewhat similar to the grand emotions excited by the reflection of the skill and toil exerted on the construction of a magnificent palace. They can only be classed among the secondary

pleasures of poetry, but they can never exist without a great degree of its higher excellences. Almost all his poetry was lyrical; that species which, issuing from a mind in the highest state of excitement, requires an intensity of feeling which, for a long composition, the genius of no poet could support. Those who complained of its brevity and rapidity, only confessed their own inability to follow the movements of poetical inspiration.* Of the two grand attributes of the Ode, Dryden has displayed the enthusiasm, Gray exhibited the magnificence. He is also the only modern English writer whose Latin verses deserve general notice; but we must lament that such difficult trifles had diverted his genius from its natural objects.†

* In another place, this same writer observes: "The obscurity of the Ode on 'The Progress of Poetry' arises from the variety of the subjects, the rapidity of the transitions, the boldness of the imagery, and the splendor of the language. To those who are incapable of that intense attention which the higher order of poetry requires, and which poetical sensibility always produces, there is no obscurity. In 'The Bard,' some of these causes of obscurity are lessened: it is more impassioned, and less magnificent; but it has more brevity and abruptness. It is a lyric drama, and this structure is a new source of obscurity."

† I don't quite catch the writer's meaning here, for al

"In his letters has been shown the descriptive power of the poet; and in new combinations of generally familiar words, which he seems to have caught from Madame de Sévigné (though it must be said he was somewhat quaint), he was eminently happy. It may be added, that he deserves the comparatively trifling praise of having been the most learned poet since Milton." *

To what Sir James Mackintosh has observed on Gray's letters and their merits, I may add, that Cowper (whose own letters in *another* style are matchless) says, "I once thought Swift's letters the best that could be written, but I like Gray's better. His hu-

Gray's Latin verses were written when he was young; and, from what I have seen, it appears to me, that in his later life he had lost his facility, and perhaps some of his correctness, in compositions in that language, whether in prose or verse. However, occasionally to compose in a language that we understand, and that we love, is a natural desire; and we may imitate, without the hope of competing, with the great masters of Latin song. And such were the rational amusements, in their later years, of two remarkable persons of the present age, who united the character of the scholar and the statesman, and who preserved the love of their early studies, amidst the more onerous duties and employments of their riper years: I mean, the Marquis of Wellesley, and Lord Grenville.

* *See* "Life of Sir James Mackintosh," Vol. II. p. 172

mor, or his wit, or whatever it is to be called, is never ill-natured or offensive, yet I think equally poignant with the Dean's."* And yet Mr. Mason did not do justice to his friend, nor perform, according to my opinion, the duties of an editor with the required fidelity. There is not a single letter of Gray's, in the whole volume of Mr. Mason's, printed without alteration of some kind, omission, or transposition. Almost all his humorous anecdotes, and lively stories, and amusing accounts of public officers and political characters are omitted, and *passages of Mason's own composition are substituted in the place.* This I discovered unexpectedly, when the "Wharton Correspondence" was intrusted to my care; and I found the same system pursued through the other letters which have since come into my hands, containing those to Dr. Brown, and in the whole volume of correspondence between Gray and Mason himself. That he was not himself satisfied with his method of systematic alteration may be seen in a letter of his to Mr. Nicholls, which I lately printed: "Mr. Mason returns many thanks to Mr. Nich-

* *See* "Cowper's Letters," by Hayley, Vol. II. p. 231, 4to.

olls, for the use he has permitted him to make of these letters. He will find that much *liberty has been taken* in transposing parts of them for the press, and will see the reason for it. It were, however, to be wished, that the originals might be so disposed of as not to impeach the editor's fidelity, but that he leaves to Mr. Nicholls's discretion; for people of common sense will think the liberty he has used as very venial." Mr. Nicholls, however, did not approve Mason's reasons, nor comply with his request of destroying the original correspondence, which has since been printed. When the Wharton manuscript was returned, it was found that Mason had not only erased many passages, but had also cut others out of the volume. In the letters to Dr. Brown innumerable are the various parts completely erased by him; and he has treated in the same way the most curious and interesting of all Gray's correspondence, that with himself. It has been said, "that Mason repaid Gray's long friendship and faithful services with an edition of his works, so judiciously selected and elegantly arranged, as to put to shame any subsequent attempt of the same nature."

He who delivered this opinion had every reason to be confident of its justness, for he had not seen, nor did he know the nature of any of the original materials; and as relates to the *elegance* with which the biographical narrative is conducted, and the judiciousness with which the outline is drawn, we are quite willing to allow the largest share of praise; but this same elegance need not have been purchased at the expense of truth; and we naturally expect, that the sacred deposit of the remains of deceased persons, in the hands of a friend, should be treated with a conscientious delicacy due to its worth. Besides, in his aim at elegance, Mason gave up the power of representing the full value of Gray's merits as a letter writer. Of the whole correspondence with Mr. Nicholls, no more than five letters are selected, not more than a quarter of those written to Dr. Wharton, and very small parts of those that passed between Dr. Brown and himself. What would have been said, had the Sévigné or Walpole correspondence been treated in the same manner?*

* The Quarterly Reviewer, Dr. Whitaker, mentions *the faults*, arising principally from want of erudition,

We now conclude with the following interesting letter from the late Mr. Jacob Bryant, containing his recollections of Gray when he was at Eton with him, and which supplies several particulars overlooked by Mason, which all admirers of Gray must be grateful to receive: —

"Dear Sir,*— As the memory of Mr. Gray is with you an article of much regard, and as everything that can conduce to the knowledge of his life and character must be acceptable, I will take the liberty to lay before you a portion of intelligence, which I believe has never been fully given, and which can now only be afforded by myself. In this narrative will be included an answer to that question which you were pleased to desire me to explain.

"My first acquaintance with Mr. Gray and

that are to be found in Mason's volume The following is a curious specimen: Gray's line, —

"Et modo rata *mala* vellere *poma* manu."

Mason's note, — 'So the original: there is a peculiar obscurity in the line, arising from the synonymes *mala* and *poma*.' ! ! !

* It does not appear to whom this letter was addressed. but probably to some person who intended to publish memoirs of the poet.

his friend, Mr. Horatio Walpole (the late Lord Orford), was at the latter end of the year 1729, at which time I came first to Eton. It was my fortune to be placed in the fourth form, nearly at the same distance from each, — the former being about four or five boys below, and Mr. Walpole as many above me. Hence I was well acquainted with them both, but not with that intimacy which subsisted between these two.

"At this early time of which I speak, Mr. Gray was in mourning for his uncle, Mr. Antrobus, who had been an assistant at Eton, and, after his resignation, lived and died there. I remember he made an elegant little figure in his sable dress, for he had a very good complexion and fine hair, and appeared to much advantage among the boys who were near him in the school, and who were more rough and rude. Indeed, both Mr. Gray and his friend were looked upon as too delicate, upon which account they had few associates, and never engaged in any exercise, nor partook of any boyish amusement. Hence they seldom were in the fields, at least they took only a distant view of those who pursued their different di-

versions. Some, therefore, who were severe, treated them as feminine characters, on account of their too great delicacy, and sometimes a too fastidious behavior. Mr. Walpole long time afterwards used to say, that *Gray was never a boy.* This was allowed by many who remembered him, but in an acceptation very different from that which his noble friend intended. These circumstances are alluded to by the author of the 'Pursuits of Literature,' when in his book he speaks of 'master-misses' being offended. Mr. Gray was so averse to all rough exercise, that I am confident he was never on horseback.

"They were both good scholars; and though I do not remember Mr. Gray being particularly noticed either by the master or by his compeers, yet his compositions were very good. One, I recollect, was upon the old story of words freezing in northern air, which he made when he was rather low in the fifth form: but I can only call to mind part of two verses upon the consequences of the supposed thaw:—

'pluviæque loquaces
Descendere jugis, et garrulus ingruit imber.'

"From this fragment a judgment may be formed of his early taste and proficiency.

"At the same early time of life he was acquainted with Mr. West, who was son to the chancellor of that name in Ireland. I also knew him well, and looked upon him as an extraordinary genius. Two specimens of his compositions were preserved by me, and have since been printed. There also survives a curious parody upon the fourth ode of the fourth book of Horace, which abounds with much good humor, very happily expressed. He was superior to Mr. Gray in learning, and to everybody near him. In a letter of Mr. Gray to him, mention is made of versifying when asleep, for which, he says, Mr. West was once famous. This is, I believe, founded in truth; for I remember some who were of the same house mentioning that he often composed in his dormant state, and that he wrote down in the morning what he had conceived in the night. He was, like his friend, quite faultless in respect to morals and behavior, and, like many great geniuses, often very eccentric and absent. One of his friends, who partook of the same room, told me, that West, when at night composing, would come in a thoughtful mood to him at his table, and care-

fully snuff his candle, and then return quite satisfied to his own dim taper, which he left unrepaired. This, he said, he had often experienced. In the seventh letter to Mr. Gray, he encloses to him a most noble and pathetic composition, which some good judges have thought hardly ever equalled. Though he lived four or five years afterwards, yet he seems in this poem to have had a melancholy forecast that his life was not of long duration. Mr. Gray's poem, '*De Principiis Cogitandi*,' would have been, if finished, a work of uncommon merit and consequence: the fragment is inestimable.

"When Mr. Gray went to Peter-House, in Cambridge, he had the good fortune to meet his friend Mr. Walpole, who came to the University about the same time; hence their intimacy continued. As I was near Mr. Walpole, it afforded me some opportunities of seeing them both very often. They were alike studious and regular, and still delicate to a degree of fastidiousness, which was sometimes attended with marks of contempt. This some years afterwards was the cause of much vexation and trouble to Mr. Gray, from which his

great learning and other good qualities should have exempted him.

"When Mr. Walpole set out upon his travels, Mr. Gray accompanied him, and they proceeded for a long time very amicably. But that delicacy, and those nice feelings, which led them to take offence with others, began now, for want of a more distant object, to operate against themselves. Some little jealousies and disgusts arose, and Mr. Gray separated himself from his friend, and came back to England.

"Mr. Walpole returned soon after, and took a house at Windsor. This affords me an opportunity of mentioning the two most excellent poems of Mr. Gray, and the cause of their production. The first is the 'View of Eton College,' the other the 'Elegy written in a Churchyard,' which was composed some years after the former.

"The year in which Mr. Walpole came to Windsor was 1742, at which time it was my good fortune to live at Eton. By these means I had often an opportunity of seeing him. He had not resided there long, when he heard that Mr. Gray was with his relations

at Stoke. He accordingly sent him a kind letter, with overtures of reconciliation, and a desire to see him. Mr. Gray very gladly set out to renew his acquaintance, and as in his way he walked through the playfields at Eton, he saw the boys engaged in their different diversions, and a universal harmony prevailing. The late unhappy disagreement and separation were at that time uppermost in his mind; and when he contemplated this scene of concord and boyish happiness, he could not help, in his melancholy mood, forming a contrast. He was led to consider the feuds and quarrels which were likely one day to ensue, when all that harmony and happiness was to cease, and enmity and bitterness were to succeed. He even went so far as to comprehend and anticipate all the dreadful evils to which mankind are liable. It is a gloomy picture, but finely executed; and whoever reads the description with this clew, will find that it was formed from a scene before his eyes. The poet saw and experimentally felt what he so masterly describes. I lived at that time almost upon the very spot which gave birth to these noble ideas, and in consequence of it saw the author very often.

"The other poem, 'Written in a Country Churchyard,' is, by the editor of Mr. Gray's 'Life,' supposed to have been composed about the same time as the former: but it seems to be a mistake. It took its rise from the following circumstances, some of which are mentioned by the editor, but others there are which were not known to him. When Lady Cobham resided at her house at Stoke, Mr. Gray was at no great distance, in the same parish. A noble duke, who was then at Eton school, and is still living, used often to go over and dine with that lady, and the Rev. Mr. Purt, his tutor, used to accompany them. One day Lady Cobham asked Mr. Purt if he knew Mr. Gray, a gentleman in her neighborhood. He said that he knew him very well; that he was much respected for his learning, and was the author of the celebrated poem, styled the 'View of Eton College.' Upon this, next morning, two ladies, who were then at Lady Cobham's, sallied out to make Mr. Gray a visit. These were Lady Schaub and Miss Harriet Speed, who afterwards married Count Very of Savoy, both persons of no common wit and vivacity. They did not find

him at home. They, however, entered the house, and seem to have caused no small alarm to the ancient mother and aunt. Having obtained pen and paper, they left an invitation from Lady Cobham to Mr. Gray, to dine with her the next day. He accordingly went, and, as we may well imagine, was very graciously received. This event gave birth to the 'Long Story,' which poem has certainly merit; but there is throughout an attempt towards humor, which is not always happily carried on, nor was it properly an ingredient in Mr. Gray's original composition.

"After this, when in the country, he was continually at Stoke House; and this always happened in the summer and autumnal months. When he returned home late in the evening, he was obliged to pass by the churchyard, which was almost close to the house, and he would sometimes deviate into it, and there spend a melancholy moment. The stillness and solemnity of the season after sunset, and the numerous dead deposited before his eyes, afforded room to a person of his turn for much contemplation. His own pensive mood, and the gloomy yet pleasing ideas which then

arose, are described by him in the poem which was styled 'An Elegy written in a Churchyard.' It was certainly conceived there, and many of the stanzas probably there composed, when the awful scene was before his eyes; but the whole took up much time before it was completed. This is a composition of uncommon merit, and the most affecting of any that the world perhaps ever experienced; not only the pathos, but the harmony of the verse, and the beauty and correctness of the diction by which that pathos is conveyed, were, I believe, never surpassed. This energy, and these pleasing reflections, arose from the vivid impressions in the author's own breast. This verifies the observation of Horace: —

> 'Si vis me flere, dolendum est
> Primum ipsi tibi.'

"Not only in this poem, but also in that upon Eton, every soothing idea originated from what the author saw and intimately felt. This was composed, to the best of my remembrance, in the year 1750; and, as it was very much admired, and a great number of copies in manuscript were dispersed abroad, there was

intimation given of a surreptitious edition which would soon come out. Upon this, the author himself ordered it to be printed by Mr. Dodsley. This was in the year 1751, as appears by Mr. Gray's letter to Mr. Walpole, XV. p. 222. Two years afterwards, there was a very handsome edition of Mr. Gray's poems printed in folio, with designs by Mr. R. Bentley. We find the whole of them there arranged according to the author's own disposition, and the 'Churchyard' comes the last; and it was at that time the last of his works. In some of the stanzas towards the latter end, he has given a description of the lawn, heath, beeches, and springs of water, near which he, with his mother, resided. The nature of the country is too precisely pointed out to be mistaken. In the print, prefixed to the top of the 'Long Story,' is a view of Lady Cobham's venerable mansion, and Stoke Church hard by, where was the night scene of the poet's contemplations. But in this print the articles seem to be reversed, through the fault of the engraver.

"Mr. Gray was in stature rather below the middle size. He had a pleasing countenance,

in which, however, there was no extraordinary expression, consequently no indication of his internal powers. The print which is prefixed to his 'Life' is rather a caricature, for his features were not so stiff and prominent, but more rounded and delicate. I remember a picture of him by Pond, taken when he was very young, but badly executed. What became of it, I know not.

"These anecdotes of this celebrated person I take the liberty to send to you. If you should think proper either to print them, or to make extracts from them, you will be so good as to make no mention of my name.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Your most faithful and obedient,
humble servant,

"JACOB BRYANT.

"*December 24th,* 1798."

POEMS.

ON THE SPRING.

LO! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of spring:
While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader browner shade,
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclined in rustic state)
How vain the ardor of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
The panting herds repose:
Yet, hark, how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect-youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honeyed spring,
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gayly-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of Man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the Busy and the Gay
But flutter through life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colors drest:
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
The sportive kind reply:
Poor moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone —
We frolic while 't is May.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE CAT,

DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD-FISHES.

'TWAS on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers, that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima, reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gazed; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream:
Their scaly armor's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw:
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,

She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise?
What Cat 's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between.
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smiled)
The slipp'ry verge her feet beguiled,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry God,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd:
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard.
A fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceived,
Know, one false step is ne'er retrieved,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
And heedless hearts is lawful prize,
Nor all, that glisters, gold.

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

Ἄνθρωπος, ἱκανὴ πρόφασις εἰς τὸ δυστυχεῖν.
Menander, Incert. Fragm. ver. 382. ed. Cler. p. 245

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race

Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace;
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthral?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murm'ring labors ply
'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigor born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play;

No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see, how all around 'em wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murth'rous band!
Ah, tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,

The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every laboring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his suff'rings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more; — where ignorance is bliss,
'T is folly to be wise.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

—Ζῆνα—

. . . . . .

Τὸν φρονεῖν Βροτοὺς ὁδώ-
σαντα, τῷ πάθει μαθὼν
Θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν.
Æsch. Agam. ver. 181.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.

Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flatt'ring foe;
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
Immersed in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

O, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Not circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With screaming Horror's fun'ral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty:

Thy form benign, O goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound, my heart.
The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel and know myself a Man.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.*

Φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν· ἐς
Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἑρμηνέων
Χατίζει.
Pindar. Ol. II. v. 152.

I. 1.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign.
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour;
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

I. 2.

O Sov'reign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares
And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.

* Finished in 1754. Printed together with "The Bard, an Ode," August 8, 1757. MS.

On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropt his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terrors of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day;
With antic Sport, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:
Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay.
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await!
Labor, and Penury, the racks of Pain,

Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of fate!
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he giv'n in vain the heav'nly Muse?
Night and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky;
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and gen'rous Shame,
Th' unconquerable Mind, and freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering lab'rinths creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of anguish!

Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathed around;
Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, O Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms and smiled.
"This pencil take (she said), whose colors clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

III. 2.

Nor second He, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time:
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,

He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy, hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 't is heard no more ——
O lyre divine! what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? Though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far, — but far above the Great.

THE BARD.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I. 1.

"RUIN seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait;
Though fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance:
"To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring lance.

I. 2.

On a rock whose haughty brow,
Frowns o'er cold Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)

And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
"Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hush'd the stormy main:
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries —
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit, they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

II. 1.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing king!
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of heav'n. What terrors round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with flight combined,
And sorrow's faded form, and solitude behind.

II. 2.

"Mighty victor, mighty lord!
Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior fled?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm, that in thy noontide beam were born?
Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his ev'ning prey.

II. 3.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare;
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread:
The bristled boar in infant-gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. 1.

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
Half of thy heart we consecrate.
(The web is wove. The work is done.)
Stay, O stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unbless'd, unpitied, here to mourn:
In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue, hail!

III. 2.

"Girt with many a baron bold
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty, appear.
In the midst a form divine!
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play!
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of heav'n her many-color'd wings.

III. 3.

"The verse adorn again
Fierce war, and faithful love,
And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
In buskin'd measures move
Pale grief, and pleasing pain,
With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear;
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
That lost in long futurity expire.

Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
Raised by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me; with joy I see
The diff'rent doom our fates assign.
Be thine despair, and sceptred care;
To triumph, and to die, are mine."
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

ODE FOR MUSIC.

(IRREGULAR.)

I. AIR.

"HENCE, avaunt, ('t is holy ground,)
Comus, and his midnight-crew,
And Ignorance with looks profound,
And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
Mad Sedition's cry profane,
Servitude that hugs her chain,
Nor in these consecrated bowers
Let painted Flatt'ry hide her serpent-train in flowers.

CHORUS.

"Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
Dare the Muse's walk to stain,
While bright-eyed Science watches round:
Hence, away, 't is holy ground!"

II. RECITATIVE.

From yonder realms of empyrean day
Bursts on my ear th' indignant lay:
There sit the sainted sage, the bard divine,
The few, whom genius gave to shine
Thro' every unborn age, and undiscover'd clime.
Rapt in celestial transport they:

Yet hither oft a glance from high
They send of tender sympathy
To bless the place, where on their opening soul
First the genuine ardor stole.
'T was Milton struck the deep-toned shell,
And, as the choral warblings round him swell,
Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,
And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

III. AIR.

"Ye brown o'er-arching groves,
That Contemplation loves,
Where willowy Camus lingers with delight!
Oft at the blush of dawn
I trod your level lawn,
Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright
In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
With Freedom by my side, and soft-eyed Melancholy."

IV. RECITATIVE.

But hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth
With solemn steps and slow,
High potentates, and dames of royal birth,
And mitred fathers in long order go:
Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow
From haughty Gallia torn,
And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn
That wept her bleeding Love, and princely Clare,
And Anjou's heroine, and the paler rose,
The rival of her crown and of her woes,
And either Henry there,
The murder'd saint, and the majestic lord,

That broke the bonds of Rome.
(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
Their human passions now no more,
Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb.)

ACCOMPANIED.

All that on Granta's fruitful plain
Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
And bade these awful fanes and turrets rise,
To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come;
And thus they speak in soft accord
The liquid language of the skies:

V. QUARTETTO.

"What is grandeur, what is power?
Heavier toil, superior pain.
What the bright reward we gain?
The grateful memory of the good.
Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bee's collected treasures sweet,
Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of gratitude."

VI. RECITATIVE.

Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud
The venerable Marg'ret see!
"Welcome, my noble son (she cries aloud),
To this, thy kindred train, and me:
Pleased in thy lineaments we trace
A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace.

AIR.

" Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
The flow'r unheeded shall descry,
And bid it round heav'n's altars shed
The fragrance of its blushing head;
Shall raise from earth the latent gem
To glitter on the diadem.

VII. RECITATIVE.

" Lo! Granta waits to lead her blooming band,
Not obvious, nor obtrusive, she
No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings;
Nor dares with courtly tongue refined
Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:
She reveres herself and thee.
With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow,
The laureate wreath, that Cecil wore, she brings,
And to thy just, thy gentle hand,
Submits the fasces of her sway,
While spirits blest above and men below
Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.

VIII. GRAND CHORUS.

" Through the wild waves as they roar,
With watchful eye and dauntless mien,
Thy steady course of honor keep,
Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore:
The star of Brunswick smiles serene,
And gilds the horrors of the deep."

THE FATAL SISTERS.

AN ODE. FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.

NOW the storm begins to lower,
(Haste, the loom of hell prepare,)
Iron sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glitt'ring lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the grisly texture grow!
('T is of human entrails made)
And the weights, that play below,
Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along.
Swords, that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista, black terrific maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda, see,
Join the wayward work to aid:
'T is the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading through th' ensanguined field,
Gondula and Geira, spread
O'er the youthful king your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to spare:
Spite of danger he shall live.
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert-beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless earl is laid,
Gored with many a gaping wound:
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a king shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see;
Long her strains in sorrow steep:
Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
Sisters, weave the web of death;
Sisters, cease; the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph sing!
Joy to the victorious bands;
Triumph to the younger king.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenor of our song.
Scotland, through each winding vale
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed:
Each her thundering falchion wield;
Each bestride her sable steed.
Hurry, hurry to the field!

THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

AN ODE. FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.

UPROSE the king of men with speed,
And saddled straight his coal-black steed;
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to Hela's drear abode.
Him the dog of darkness spied;
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
(While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd:)
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
The father of the powerful spell.
Onward still his way he takes,
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes,)
Till full before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sate;
Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he traced the Runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounced, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead:

Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breathed a sullen sound.

PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms presume
To break the quiet of the tomb?
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on these mould'ring bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me sleep again.
Who is he, with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest?

ODIN.

A traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a warrior's son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glitt'ring board is spread,
Dress'd for whom yon golden bed?

PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet see
The pure bev'rage of the bee:
O'er it hangs the shield of gold;
'T is the drink of Balder bold:
Balder's head to death is giv'n.
Pain can reach the sons of heav'n!
Unwilling I my lips unclose:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Once again my call obey:
Prophetess, arise, and say,
What dangers Odin's child await,
Who the author of his fate?

PROPHETESS.

In Hoder's hand the hero's doom;
His brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Prophetess, my spell obey:
Once again arise, and say,
Who th' avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt?

PROPHETESS.

In the caverns of the west,
By Odin's fierce embrace comprest,
A wondrous boy shall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam,
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile
Flaming on the fun'ral pile.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Yet awhile my call obey:
Prophetess, awake, and say,

What virgins these, in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils that float in air?
Tell me whence their sorrows rose:
Then I leave thee to repose.

PROPHETESS.

Ha! no traveller art thou,
King of men, I know thee now;
Mightiest of a mighty line ——

ODIN.

No boding maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor prophetess of good;
But mother of the giant brood!

PROPHETESS.

Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
That never shall inquirer come
To break my iron-sleep again;
Till Lok has burst his tenfold chain;
Never, till substantial Night
Has reassumed her ancient right;
Till wrapt in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

A FRAGMENT. FROM THE WELSH.

OWEN'S praise demands my song,
Owen swift, and Owen strong;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay
Lochlin ploughs the wat'ry way;
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds and join the war:
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burdens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
The dragon-son of Mona stands;
In glitt'ring arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby crest.

There the thund'ring strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din;
Talymalfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Check'd by the torrent-tide of blood,
Backward Meinai rolls his flood;
While, heap'd his master's feet around,
Prostrate warriors gnaw the ground.
Where his glowing eyeballs turn,
Thousand banners round him burn:
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and shame to fly.
There confusion, terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Despair and honorable death.

* * * * *

THE DEATH OF HOEL.

AN ODE. SELECTED FROM THE GODODIN.

HAD I but the torrent's might,
With headlong rage and wild affright
Upon Deïra's squadrons hurl'd
To rush, and sweep them from the world!

Too, too secure in youthful pride,
By them, my friend, my Hoel, died,
Great Cian's son: of Madoc old
He ask'd no heaps of hoarded gold;
Alone in nature's wealth array'd
He ask'd and had the lovely maid.

To Cattraeth's vale in glitt'ring row
Twice two hundred warriors go:
Every warrior's manly neck
Chains of regal honor deck,
Wreath'd in many a golden link:
From the golden cup they drink
Nectar that the bees produce,
Or the grape's ecstatic juice.
Flush'd with mirth and hope they burn:
But none from Cattraeth's vale return,
Save Aëron brave, and Conan strong,
(Bursting through the bloody throng,)

And I, the meanest of them all,
That live to weep and sing their fall.

HAVE ye seen the tusky boar,
Or the bull, with sullen roar,
On surrounding foes advance?
So Caràdoc bore his lance.

CONAN'S name, my lay, rehearse,
Build to him the lofty verse,
Sacred tribute of the bard,
Verse, the hero's sole reward.
As the flame's devouring force;
As the whirlwind in its course;
As the thunder's fiery stroke,
Glancing on the shiver'd oak;
Did the sword of Conan mow
The crimson harvest of the foe.

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF MR. RICHARD WEST.

IN vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire;
The birds in vain their amorous descant join,
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire:
These ears, alas! for other notes repine,
A different object do these eyes require:
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men:
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;
To warm their little loves the birds complain:
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

EPITAPH

ON MRS. JANE CLERKE.

LO! where this silent marble weeps,
A friend, a wife, a mother sleeps:
A heart, within whose sacred cell
The peaceful virtues loved to dwell.
Affection warm, and faith sincere,
And soft humanity were there.
In agony, in death resign'd,
She felt the wound she left behind.
Her infant image, here below,
Sits smiling on a father's woe:
Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
Along the lonely vale of days?
A pang, to secret sorrow dear;
A sigh; an unavailing tear;
Till Time shall every grief remove,
With life, with memory, and with love.

EPITAPH

ON SIR WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

HERE, foremost in the dangerous paths of fame,
Young Williams fought for England's fair renown;
His mind each Muse, each Grace adorn'd his frame,
Nor Envy dared to view him with a frown.

At Aix, his voluntary sword he drew,
There first in blood his infant honor seal'd;
From fortune, pleasure, science, love, he flew,
And scorn'd repose when Britain took the field.

With eyes of flame, and cool undaunted breast,
Victor he stood on Bellisle's rocky steeps —
Ah, gallant youth! this marble tells the rest,
Where melancholy friendship bends, and weeps.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;

Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton, here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonor'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate, —

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn

Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn:

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

"The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne:—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;

He gave to mis'ry (all he had) a tear,
He gain'd from heav'n ('t was all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

A LONG STORY.

IN Britain's isle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of building stands:
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employ'd the power of fairy hands

To raise the ceiling's fretted height,
Each panel in achievements clothing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.

Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave Lord-Keeper led the brawls;
The seals and maces danced before him.

His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
His high-crown'd hat, and satin doublet,
Moved the stout heart of England's queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

What, in the very first beginning!
Shame of the versifying tribe!
Your hist'ry whither are you spinning?
Can you do nothing but describe?

A house there is (and that 's enough)
From whence one fatal morning issues

A brace of warriors, not in buff,
But rustling in their silks and tissues.

The first came cap-à-pie from France,
Her conqu'ring destiny fulfilling,
Whom meaner beauties eye askance,
And vainly ape her art of killing.

The other Amazon kind heav'n
Had arm'd with spirit, wit, and satire;
But Cobham had the polish giv'n,
And tipp'd her arrows with good-nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her air —
Coarse panegyrics would but tease her;
Melissa is her "nom de guerre."
Alas! who would not wish to please her?

With bonnet blue and capuchine,
And aprons long, they hid their armor;
And veil'd their weapons, bright and keen,
In pity to the country farmer.

Fame, in the shape of Mr. P—t,
(By this time all the parish know it,)
Had told that thereabouts there lurk'd
A wicked imp they call a poet:

Who prowl'd the country far and near,
Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,
Dried up the cows, and lamed the deer,
And suck'd the eggs, and kill'd the pheasants.

My lady heard their joint petition,
  Swore by her coronet and ermine,
She 'd issue out her high commission
  To rid the manor of such vermin.

The heroines undertook the task,
  Thro' lanes unknown, o'er stiles they ventured,
Rapp'd at the door, nor stay'd to ask,
  But bounce into the parlor enter'd.

The trembling family they daunt,
  They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle,
Rummage his mother, pinch his aunt,
  And up stairs in a whirlwind rattle:

Each hole and cupboard they explore,
  Each creek and cranny of his chamber,
Run hurry-scurry round the floor,
  And o'er the bed and tester clamber;

Into the drawers and china pry,
  Papers and books, a huge imbroglio!
Under a tea-cup he might lie,
  Or creased, like dogs'-ears, in a folio.

On the first marching of the troops,
  The Muses, hopeless of his pardon,
Convey'd him underneath their hoops
  To a small closet in the garden.

So Rumor says: (who will, believe,)
  But that they left the door ajar,
Where, safe and laughing in his sleeve,
  He heard the distant din of war.

Short was his joy. He little knew
The pow'r of magic was no fable;
Out of the window, whisk, they flew,
But left a spell upon the table.

The words too eager to unriddle,
The poet felt a strange disorder;
Transparent bird-lime form'd the middle,
And chains invisible the border.

So cunning was the apparatus,
The powerful pot-hooks did so move him,
That, will he, nill he, to the great house
He went, as if the Devil drove him.

Yet on his way (no sign of grace,
For folks in fear are apt to pray)
To Phœbus he preferr'd his case,
And begg'd his aid that dreadful day.

The godhead would have back'd his quarrel;
But with a blush, on recollection,
Own'd that his quiver and his laurel
'Gainst four such eyes were no protection.

The court was sat, the culprit there,
Forth from their gloomy mansions creeping,
The lady Janes and Joans repair,
And from the gallery stand peeping:

Such as in silence of the night
Come (sweep) along some winding entry,
(Tyacke has often seen the sight,)
Or at the chapel-door stand sentry:

In peaked hoods and mantles tarnish'd,
Sour visages, enough to scare ye,
High dames of honor once, that garnish'd
The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary.

The peeress comes. The audience stare,
And doff their hats with due submission:
She curtsies, as she takes her chair,
To all the people of condition.

The bard, with many an artful fib,
Had in imagination fenced him,
Disproved the arguments of Squib,
And all that Groom could urge against him.

But soon his rhetoric forsook him,
When he the solemn hall had seen;
A sudden fit of ague shook him,
He stood as mute as poor Macleane.

Yet something he was heard to mutter,
"How in the park beneath an old tree,
(Without design to hurt the butter,
Or any malice to the poultry,)

"He once or twice had penn'd a sonnet;
Yet hoped that he might save his bacon:
Numbers would give their oaths upon it,
He ne'er was for a conj'rer taken."

The ghostly prudes with hagged face
Already had condemn'd the sinner.
My lady rose, and with a grace —
She smiled, and bid him come to dinner.

"Jesu-Maria! Madam Bridget,
Why, what can the Viscountess mean?"
(Cried the square-hoods in woful fidget,)
"The times are alter'd quite and clean!

"Decorum 's turn'd to mere civility;
Her air and all her manners show it.
Commend me to her affability!
Speak to a commoner and poet!"

[Here five hundred stanzas are lost.]

And so God save our noble king,
And guard us from long-winded lubbers,
That to eternity would sing,
And keep my lady from her rubbers.

POSTHUMOUS

POEMS AND FRAGMENTS.

ODE ON THE PLEASURE ARISING FROM VICISSITUDE.

NOW the golden morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermeil cheek and whisper soft
She woos the tardy spring:
Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground;
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet;
Forgetful of their wintry trance,
The birds his presence greet:
But chief, the skylark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstasy;
And, lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Rise, my soul! on wings of fire,
Rise the rapt'rous choir among;
Hark! 't is nature strikes the lyre,
And leads the gen'ral song:

'Warm let the lyric transport flow,
Warm as the ray that bids it glow;
And animates the vernal grove
With health, with harmony, and love.

Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by:
Their raptures now that wildly flow,
No yesterday nor morrow know;
'Tis man alone that joy descries
With forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past misfortune's brow
Soft reflection's hand can trace;
And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw
A melancholy grace;
While hope prolongs our happier hour,
Or deepest shades, that dimly lower
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy pleasure leads,
See a kindred grief pursue;
Behind the steps that misery treads,
Approaching comfort view:
The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastised by sabler tints of woe;
And blended form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch, that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigor lost,
And breathe and walk again:
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise.

Humble quiet builds her cell,
Near the source whence pleasure flows;
She eyes the clear crystalline well,
And tastes it as it goes.
'While' far below the 'madding' crowd
'Rush headlong to the dangerous flood,'
Where broad and turbulent it sweeps,
'And' perish in the boundless deeps.

Mark where indolence and pride,
'Soothed by flattery's tinkling sound,'
Go, softly rolling, side by side,
Their dull but daily round:
'To these, if Hebe's self should bring
The purest cup from pleasure's spring,
Say, can they taste the flavor high
Of sober, simple, genuine joy?

'Mark ambition's march sublime
Up to power's meridian height;
While pale-eyed envy sees him climb,
And sickens at the sight.

Phantoms of danger, death, and dread
Float hourly round ambition's head;
While spleen, within his rival's breast,
Sits brooding on her scorpion nest.

'Happier he, the peasant, far,
From the pangs of passion free,
That breathes the keen yet wholesome air
Of rugged penury.
He, when his morning task is done,
Can slumber in the noontide sun;
And hie him home, at evening's close,
To sweet repast, and calm repose.

'He, unconscious whence the bliss,
Feels, and owns in carols rude,
That all the circling joys are his,
Of dear Vicissitude.
From toil he wins his spirits light,
From busy day the peaceful night;
Rich, from the very want of wealth,
In heaven's best treasures, peace and health.'

TRANSLATION OF A PASSAGE FROM STATIUS.

THEB. LIB. VI. VER. 704 – 724.

THIRD in the labors of the disc came on,
With sturdy step and slow, Hippomedon;
Artful and strong he poised the well-known weight
By Phlegyas warn'd, and fired by Mnestheus' fate,
That to avoid, and this to emulate.
His vigorous arm he tried before he flung,
Braced all his nerves, and every sinew strung;
Then, with a tempest's whirl, and wary eye,
Pursued his cast, and hurl'd the orb on high;
The orb on high tenacious of its course,
True to the mighty arm that gave it force,
Far overleaps all bound, and joys to see
Its ancient lord secure of victory.
The theatre's green height and woody wall
Tremble ere it precipitates its fall;
The ponderous mass sinks in the cleaving ground,
While vales and woods and echoing hills rebound.
As when from Ætna's smoking summit broke,
The eyeless Cyclops heaved the craggy rock;
Where Ocean frets beneath the dashing oar,
And parting surges round the vessel roar;
'T was there he aim'd the meditated harm,
And scarce Ulysses scaped his giant arm.

A tiger's pride the victor bore away,
With native spots and artful labor gay,
A shining border round the margin roll'd,
And calm'd the terrors of his claws in gold.

CAMBRIDGE, May 8, 1736.

THE FRAGMENT OF A TRAGEDY,

DESIGNED BY MR. GRAY ON THE SUBJECT OF THE DEATH OF AGRIPPINA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AGRIPPINA, *the Empress-mother.*
NERO, *the Emperor.*
POPPÆA, *believed to be in love with* OTHO.
OTHO, *a young man of quality, in love with* POPPÆA.
SENECA, *the Emperor's Preceptor.*
ANICETUS, *Captain of the Guards.*
DEMETRIUS, *the Cynic, friend to* SENECA.
ACERONIA, *Confidante to* AGRIPPINA.

SCENE. — *The Emperor's villa at Baiæ.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

AGRIPPINA. ACERONIA.

AGRIP. 'T is well, begone! your errand is perform'd, [*Speaks as to* ANICETUS *entering.*
The message needs no comment. Tell your master,
His mother shall obey him. Say you saw her
Yielding due reverence to his high command:
Alone, unguarded, and without a lictor,
As fits the daughter of Germanicus.
Say, she retired to Antium; there to tend

Her household cares, a woman's best employment.
What if you add, how she turn'd pale and trembled:
You think, you spied a tear stand in her eye,
And would have dropp'd, but that her pride restrain'd it?
(Go! you can paint it well) 't will profit you,
And please the stripling. Yet 't would dash his joy
To hear the spirit of Britannicus
Yet walks on earth: at least there are who know
Without a spell to raise, and bid it fire
A thousand haughty hearts, unused to shake
When a boy frowns, nor to be lured with smiles
To taste of hollow kindness, or partake
His hospitable board: they are aware
Of th' unpledged bowl, they love not aconite.

ACER. He 's gone: and much I hope these walls alone
And the mute air are privy to your passion.
Forgive your servant's fears, who sees the danger
Which fierce resentment cannot fail to raise
In haughty youth, and irritated power.

AGRIP. And dost thou talk to me, to me of danger,
Of haughty youth and irritated power,
To her that gave it being, her that arm'd
This painted Jove, and taught his novice hand
To aim the forked bolt; while he stood trembling,
Scared at the sound, and dazzled with its brightness?
'T is like, thou hast forgot, when yet a stranger
To adoration, to the grateful steam
Of flattery's incense, and obsequious vows

From voluntary realms, a puny boy,
Deck'd with no other lustre than the blood
Of Agrippina's race, he lived unknown
To fame or fortune; haply eyed at distance
Some edileship, ambitious of the power
To judge of weights and measures; scarcely dared
On expectation's strongest wing to soar
High as the consulate, that empty shade
Of long-forgotten liberty: when I
Oped his young eye to bear the blaze of greatness;
Show'd him where empire tower'd, and bade him strike
The noble quarry. Gods! then was the time
To shrink from danger; fear might then have worn
The mask of prudence; but a heart like mine,
A heart that glows with the pure Julian fire,
If bright ambition from her craggy seat
Display the radiant prize, will mount undaunted,
Gain the rough heights, and grasp the dangerous honor.

ACER. Through various life I have pursued your steps,
Have seen your soul, and wonder'd at its daring:
Hence rise my fears. Nor am I yet to learn
How vast the debt of gratitude which Nero
To such a mother owes; the world, you gave him,
Suffices not to pay the obligation.
I well remember too (for I was present)
When in a secret and dead hour of night,
Due sacrifice perform'd with barb'rous rites
Of mutter'd charms, and solemn invocation,
You bade the Magi call the dreadful powers,

That read futurity, to know the fate
Impending o'er your son: their answer was,
If the son reign, the mother perishes.
Perish (you cried) the mother! reign the son!
He reigns, the rest is heaven's; who oft has bade,
Ev'n when its will seem'd wrote in lines of blood,
Th' unthought event disclose a whiter meaning.
Think too how oft in weak and sickly minds
The sweets of kindness lavishly indulged
Rankle to gall; and benefits too great
To be repaid, sit heavy on the soul,
As unrequited wrongs. The willing homage
Of prostrate Rome, the senate's joint applause,
The riches of the earth, the train of pleasures
That wait on youth, and arbitrary sway:
These were your gift, and with them you bestow'd
The very power he has to be ungrateful.

AGRIP. Thus ever grave and undisturb'd reflection
Pours its cool dictates in the madding ear
Of rage, and thinks to quench the fire it feels not.
Say'st thou I must be cautious, must be silent,
And tremble at the phantom I have raised?
Carry to him thy timid counsels. He
Perchance may heed 'em: tell him too, that one
Who had such liberal power to give, may still
With equal power resume that gift, and raise
A tempest that shall shake her own creation
To its original atoms — tell me! say
This mighty emperor, this dreaded hero,
Has he beheld the glittering front of war?
Knows his soft ear the trumpet's thrilling voice,
And outcry of the battle? Have his limbs

Sweat under iron harness? Is he not
The silken son of dalliance, nursed in ease
And pleasure's flow'ry lap? — Rubellius lives,
And Sylla has his friends, though school'd by fear
To bow the supple knee, and court the times
With shows of fair obeisance; and a call,
Like mine, might serve belike to wake pretensions
Drowsier than theirs, who boast the genuine blood
Of our imperial house.

ACER. Did I not wish to check this dangerous passion,
I might remind my mistress that her nod
Can rouse eight hardy legions, wont to stem
With stubborn nerves the tide, and face the rigor
Of bleak Germania's snows. Four, not less brave,
That in Armenia quell the Parthian force
Under the warlike Corbulo, by you
Mark'd for their leader: these, by ties confirm'd,
Of old respect and gratitude, are yours.
Surely the Masians too, and those of Egypt,
Have not forgot your sire: the eye of Rome,
And the Prætorian camp, have long revered,
With custom'd awe, the daughter, sister, wife,
And mother of their Cæsars.

AGRIP. Ha! by Juno,
It bears a noble semblance. On this base
My great revenge shall rise; or say we sound
The trump of liberty; there will not want,
Even in the servile senate, ears to own
Her spirit-stirring voice; Soranus there,
And Cassius; Vetus too, and Thrasea,
Minds of the antique cast, rough, stubborn souls
That struggle with the yoke. How shall the spark

Unquenchable, that glows within their breasts,
Blaze into freedom, when the idle herd
(Slaves from the womb, created but to stare,
And bellow in the Circus) yet will start,
And shake 'em at the name of liberty,
Stung by a senseless word, a vain tradition,
As there were magic in it? Wrinkled beldams
Teach it their grandchildren, as somewhat rare
That anciently appear'd; but when, extends
Beyond their chronicle — oh! 't is a cause
To arm the hand of childhood, and rebrace
The slacken'd sinews of time-wearied age.
Yes, we may meet, ungrateful boy, we may!
Again the buried genius of old Rome
Shall from the dust uprear his reverend head,
Roused by the shout of millions: there before
His high tribunal thou and I appear.
Let majesty sit on thy awful brow,
And lighten from thy eye: around thee call
The gilded swarm that wantons in the sunshine
Of thy full favor; Seneca be there
In gorgeous phrase of labor'd eloquence
To dress thy plea, and Burrhus strengthen it
With his plain soldier's oath, and honest seeming.
Against thee, liberty and Agrippina:
The world, the prize; and fair befall the victors.
But soft! why do I waste the fruitless hours
In threats unexecuted? Haste thee, fly
These hated walls that seem to mock my shame,
And cast me forth in duty to their lord.

ACER. 'T is time to go, the sun is high advanced,
And, ere midday, Nero will come to Baiæ.

AGRIP. My thought aches at him; not the basilisk

More deadly to the sight, than is to me
The cool injurious eye of frozen kindness.
I will not meet its poison. Let him feel
Before he sees me.

ACER. Why then stays my sovereign,
Where he so soon may —

AGRIP. Yes, I will be gone,
But not to Antium — all shall be confess'd,
Whate'er the frivolous tongue of giddy fame
Has spread among the crowd; things, that but whisper'd
Have arch'd the hearer's brow, and riveted
His eyes in fearful ecstasy: no matter
What; so 't be strange and dreadful. — Sorceries,
Assassinations, poisonings — the deeper
My guilt, the blacker his ingratitude.
And you, ye manes of ambition's victims,
Enshrined Claudius, with the pitied ghosts
Of the Syllani, doom'd to early death,
(Ye unavailing horrors, fruitless crimes!)
If from the realms of night my voice ye hear,
In lieu of penitence, and vain remorse,
Accept my vengeance. Though by me ye bled,
He was the cause. My love, my fears for him,
Dried the soft springs of pity in my heart,
And froze them up with deadly cruelty.
Yet if your injured shades demand my fate,
If murder cries for murder, blood for blood,
Let me not fall alone; but crush his pride,
And sink the traitor in his mother's ruin.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

OTHO. POPPÆA.

OTHO. Thus far we 're safe. Thanks to the rosy queen
Of amorous thefts: and had her wanton son
Lent us his wings, we could not have beguiled
With more elusive speed the dazzled sight
Of wakeful jealousy. Be gay securely;
Dispel, my fair, with smiles, the tim'rous cloud
That hangs on thy clear brow. So Helen look'd,
So her white neck reclined, so was she borne
By the young Trojan to his gilded bark
With fond reluctance, yielding modesty,
And oft reverted eye, as if she knew not
Whether she fear'd, or wish'd to be pursued.

* * * * *

HYMN TO IGNORANCE.

A FRAGMENT.

HAIL, horrors, hail! ye ever gloomy bowers,
Ye gothic fanes, and antiquated towers,
Where rushy Camus' slowly-winding flood
Perpetual draws his humid train of mud:
Glad I revisit thy neglected reign,
O take me to thy peaceful shade again.
But chiefly thee, whose influence breathed from high
Augments the native darkness of the sky;
Ah, ignorance! soft salutary power!
Prostrate with filial reverence I adore.
Thrice hath Hyperion roll'd his annual race,
Since weeping I forsook thy fond embrace.
O say, successful dost thou still oppose
Thy leaden ægis 'gainst our ancient foes?
Still stretch, tenacious of thy right divine,
The massy sceptre o'er thy slumb'ring line?
And dews Lethean through the land dispense
To steep in slumbers each benighted sense?
If any spark of wit's delusive ray
Break out, and flash a momentary day,
With damp, cold touch forbid it to aspire,
And huddle up in fogs the dang'rous fire.
O say—she hears me not, but, careless grown,
Lethargic nods upon her ebon throne.

Goddess! awake, arise! alas, my fears!
Can powers immortal feel the force of years?
Not thus of old, with ensigns wide unfurl'd
She rode triumphant o'er the vanquish'd world;
Fierce nations own'd her unresisted might,
And all was ignorance, and all was night.
O sacred age! O times forever lost!
(The schoolman's glory, and the churchman's boast.)
Forever gone, — yet still to fancy new,
Her rapid wings the transient scene pursue,
And bring the buried ages back to view.
High on her car, behold the grandam ride
Like old Sesostris with barbaric pride;
* * * a team of harness'd monarchs bend

* * * * *

THE ALLIANCE OF EDUCATION AND GOVERNMENT.

A FRAGMENT.

ESSAY I.

Πόταγ', ὦ 'γαθέ· τὰν γὰρ ἀοιδὰν
Οὔτι πα εἰς Ἀίδαν γε τὸν ἐκλελάθοντα φυλαξεῖς.
Theocritus, Id. I. 63.

AS sickly plants betray a niggard earth,
Whose barren bosom starves her generous birth,
Nor genial warmth, nor genial juice retains,
Their roots to feed, and fill their verdant veins:
And as in climes, where Winter holds his reign,
The soil, though fertile, will not teem in vain,
Forbids her gems to swell, her shades to rise,
Nor trusts her blossoms to the churlish skies:
So draw mankind in vain the vital airs,
Unform'd, unfriended, by those kindly cares,
That health and vigor to the soul impart,
Spread the young thought, and warm the opening heart:
So fond Instruction on the growing powers
Of nature idly lavishes her stores,
If equal Justice with unclouded face
Smile not indulgent on the rising race,
And scatter with a free, though frugal hand,
Light golden showers of plenty o'er the land:
But Tyranny has fix'd her empire there,

To check their tender hopes with chilling fear,
And blast the blooming promise of the year.
  This spacious animated scene survey,
From where the rolling orb, that gives the day,
His sable sons with nearer course surrounds
To either pole, and life's remotest bounds,
How rude soe'er th' exterior form we find,
Howe'er opinion tinge the varied mind,
Alike to all, the kind, impartial heav'n
The sparks of truth and happiness has giv'n:
With sense to feel, with memory to retain,
They follow pleasure, and they fly from pain;
Their judgment mends the plan their fancy draws,
The event presages, and explores the cause;
The soft returns of gratitude they know,
By fraud elude, by force repel the foe;
While mutual wishes, mutual woes endear
The social smile, the sympathetic tear.
  Say, then, through ages by what fate confined
To different climes seem different souls assign'd?
Here measured laws and philosophic ease
Fix, and improve the polish'd arts of peace;
There industry and gain their vigils keep,
Command the winds, and tame th' unwilling deep:
Here force and hardy deeds of blood prevail;
There languid pleasure sighs in every gale.
Oft o'er the trembling nations from afar
Has Scythia breathed the living cloud of war;
And, where the deluge burst, with sweepy sway
Their arms, their kings, their gods were roll'd
    away.
As oft have issued, host impelling host,
The blue-eyed myriads from the Baltic coast.

The prostrate south to the destroyer yields
Her boasted titles, and her golden fields:
With grim delight the brood of winter view
A brighter day, and heav'ns of azure hue;
Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose,
And quaff the pendent vintage as it grows.
Proud of the yoke, and pliant to the rod,
Why yet does Asia dread a monarch's nod,
While European freedom still withstands
Th' encroaching tide that drowns her lessening lands;
And sees far off, with an indignant groan,
Her native plains, and empires once her own?
Can opener skies and suns of fiercer flame
O'erpower the fire that animates our frame;
As lamps, that shed at eve a cheerful ray,
Fade and expire beneath the eye of day?
Need we the influence of the northern star
To string our nerves and steel our hearts to war?
And, where the face of nature laughs around,
Must sick'ning virtue fly the tainted ground?
Unmanly thought! what seasons can control,
What fancied zone can circumscribe the soul,
Who, conscious of the source from whence she springs,
By reason's light, on resolution's wings,
Spite of her frail companion, dauntless goes
O'er Libya's deserts and through Zembla's snows?
She bids each slumb'ring energy awake,
Another touch, another temper take,
Suspends th' inferior laws that rule our clay:
The stubborn elements confess her sway;
Their little wants, their low desires, refine,
And raise the mortal to a height divine.

Not but the human fabric from the birth
Imbibes a flavor of its parent earth:
As various tracts enforce a various toil,
The manners speak the idiom of their soil.
An iron-race the mountain-cliffs maintain,
Foes to the gentler genius of the plain:
For where unwearied sinews must be found
With side-long plough to quell the flinty ground,
To turn the torrent's swift-descending flood,
To brave the savage rushing from the wood,
What wonder if to patient valor train'd,
They guard with spirit, what by strength they gain'd?
And while their rocky ramparts round they see,
The rough abode of want and liberty,
(As lawless force from confidence will grow)
Insult the plenty of the vales below?
What wonder, in the sultry climes, that spread
Where Nile redundant o'er his summer-bed
From his broad bosom life and verdure flings,
And broods o'er Egypt with his wat'ry wings,
If with advent'rous oar and ready sail
The dusky people drive before the gale;
Or on frail floats to neighb'ring cities ride,
That rise and glitter o'er the ambient tide

* * * * *

[The following couplet, which was intended to have been introduced in the poem on the Alliance of Education and Government, is much too beautiful to be lost. — Mason, Vol. III. p. 114.]

When love could teach a monarch to be wise,
And gospel-light first dawn'd from Bullen's eyes.

STANZAS TO MR. BENTLEY.

A FRAGMENT.

IN silent gaze the tuneful choir among,
Half pleased, half blushing, let the Muse admire,
While Bentley leads her sister-art along,
And bids the pencil answer to the lyre.

See, in their course, each transitory thought
Fix'd by his touch a lasting essence take;
Each dream, in fancy's airy coloring wrought,
To local symmetry and life awake!

The tardy rhymes that used to linger on,
To censure cold, and negligent of fame,
In swifter measures animated run,
And catch a lustre from his genuine flame.

Ah! could they catch his strength, his easy grace,
His quick creation, his unerring line;
The energy of Pope they might efface,
And Dryden's harmony submit to mine.

But not to one in this benighted age
Is that diviner inspiration giv'n,
That burns in Shakespeare's or in Milton's page,
The pomp and prodigality of heav'n.

As when conspiring in the diamond's blaze,
The meaner gems that singly charm the sight,
Together dart their intermingled rays,
And dazzle with a luxury of light.

Enough for me, if to some feeling breast
My lines a secret sympathy 'impart';
And as their pleasing influence 'flows confest,'
A sigh of soft reflection 'heaves the heart.'

* * * * *

SKETCH OF HIS OWN CHARACTER.

WRITTEN IN 1761, AND FOUND IN ONE OF HIS POCKET-BOOKS.

TOO poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune,
He had not the method of making a fortune:
Could love, and could hate, so was thought somewhat odd;
No very great wit, he believed in a God:
A post or a pension he did not desire,
But left church and state to Charles Townshend and Squire.

AMATORY LINES.

WITH beauty, with pleasure surrounded, to languish —
To weep without knowing the cause of my anguish:
To start from short slumbers, and wish for the morning —
To close my dull eyes when I see it returning;
Sighs sudden and frequent, looks ever dejected —
Words that steal from my tongue, by no meaning connected!
Ah! say, fellow-swains, how these symptoms befell me?
They smile, but reply not — Sure Delia will tell me!

SONG.

THYRSIS, when we parted, swore
Ere the spring he would return —
Ah! what means yon violet flower,
And the bud that decks the thorn?
'T was the lark that upward sprung!
'T was the nightingale that sung!

Idle notes! untimely green!
Why this unavailing haste?
Western gales and skies serene
Speak not always winter past.
Cease, my doubts, my fears to move,
Spare the honor of my love.

TOPHET.

AN EPIGRAM.

THUS Tophet look'd; so grinn'd the brawling fiend,
Whilst frighted prelates bow'd, and call'd him friend.
Our mother-church, with half-averted sight,
Blush'd as she bless'd her grisly proselyte;
Hosannas rung through hell's tremendous borders,
And Satan's self had thoughts of taking orders.

IMPROMPTU,

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW, IN 1766, OF THE SEAT AND RUINS OF A DECEASED NOBLEMAN, AT KINGSGATE, KENT.

OLD, and abandon'd by each venal friend,
Here H——d form'd the pious resolution
To smuggle a few years, and strive to mend
A broken character and constitution.

On this congenial spot he fix'd his choice;
Earl Goodwin trembled for his neighboring sand;
Here sea-gulls scream, and cormorants rejoice,
And mariners, though shipwreck'd, dread to land

Here reign the blustering North and blighting East,
No tree is heard to whisper, bird to sing;
Yet Nature could not furnish out the feast,
Art he invokes new horrors still to bring.

Here mouldering fanes and battlements arise,
Turrets and arches nodding to their fall,
Unpeopled monast'ries delude our eyes,
And mimic desolation covers all.

"Ah!" said the sighing peer, "had B—te been
true,
Nor M—'s, R—'s, B—'s friendship vain,
Far better scenes than these had blest our view,
And realized the beauties which we feign:

"Purged by the sword, and purified by fire,
Then had we seen proud London's hated walls;
Owls would have hooted in St. Peter's choir,
And foxes stunk and litter'd in St. Paul's."

EXTRACTS.

PROPERTIUS, LIB. III. ELEG. V. v. 19.

"Me juvat in primâ coluisse Helicona juventâ," &c.

IMITATED.

LONG as of youth the joyous hours remain,
Me may Castalia's sweet recess detain,
Fast by the umbrageous vale lull'd to repose,
Where Aganippe warbles as it flows;
Or roused by sprightly sounds from out the trance,
I'd in the ring knit hands, and join the Muses' dance.
Give me to send the laughing bowl around,
My soul in Bacchus' pleasing fetters bound;
Let on this head unfading flowers reside,
There bloom the vernal rose's earliest pride;
And when, our flames commission'd to destroy,
Age step 'twixt Love and me, and intercept the joy;
When my changed head these locks no more shall know,
And all its jetty honors turn to snow;
Then let me rightly spell of Nature's ways;
To Providence, to HIM my thoughts I'd raise,

Who taught this vast machine its steadfast laws,
That first, eternal, universal cause;
Search to what regions yonder star retires,
That monthly waning hides her paly fires,
And whence, anew revived, with silver light
Relumes her crescent orb to cheer the dreary night:
How rising winds the face of ocean sweep,
Where lie the eternal fountains of the deep,
And whence the cloudy magazines maintain
Their wintry war, or pour the autumnal rain;
How flames perhaps, with dire confusion hurl'd,
Shall sink this beauteous fabric of the world;
What colors paint the vivid arch of Jove;
What wondrous force the solid earth can move,
When Pindus' self approaching ruin dreads,
Shakes all his pines, and bows his hundred heads;
Why does yon orb, so exquisitely bright,
Obscure his radiance in a short-lived night;
Whence the Seven Sisters' congregated fires,
And what Bootes' lazy wagon tires;
How the rude surge its sandy bounds control;
Who measured out the year, and bade the seasons roll;
If realms beneath those fabled torments know,
Pangs without respite, fires that ever glow,
Earth's monster brood stretch'd on their iron bed,
The hissing terrors round Alecto's head,
Scarce to nine acres Tityus' bulk confined,
The triple dog that scares the shadowy kind,
All angry heaven inflicts, or hell can feel,
The pendent rock, Ixion's whirling wheel,

Famine at feasts, or thirst amid the stream;
Or are our fears the enthusiast's empty dream,
And all the scenes, that hurt the grave's repose,
But pictured horror and poetic woes.
  These soft inglorious joys my hours engage;
Be love my youth's pursuit, and science crown my
    age.

1738. Æt. 22.

PROPERTIUS, LIB. II. ELEG. I. v. 17.

" Quod mihi si tantum, Mæcenas, fata dedissent," &c.

YET would the tyrant Love permit me raise
My feeble voice, to sound the victor's praise,
To paint the hero's toil, the ranks of war,
The laurell'd triumph, and the sculptured car;
No giant race, no tumult of the skies,
No mountain-structures in my verse should rise?
Nor tale of Thebes, nor Ilium there should be,
Nor how the Persian trod the indignant sea;
Not Marius' Cimbrian wreaths would I relate,
Nor lofty Carthage struggling with her fate.
Here should Augustus great in arms appear,
And thou, Mæcenas, be my second care;
Here Mutina from flames and famine free,
And there the ensanguined wave of Sicily,
And sceptred Alexandria's captive shore,
And sad Philippi, red with Roman gore:
Then, while the vaulted skies loud ïos rend,
In golden chains should loaded monarchs bend,
And hoary Nile with pensive aspect seem
To mourn the glories of his sevenfold stream,
While prows, that late in fierce encounter met,
Move through the sacred way and vainly threat,
Thee too the Muse should consecrate to fame,
And with her garlands weave thy ever-faithful
name.

But nor Callimachus' enervate strain
May tell of Jove, and Phlegra's blasted plain;
Nor I with unaccustomed vigor trace
Back to its source divine the Julian race.
Sailors to tell of winds and seas delight,
The shepherd of his flocks, the soldier of the fight.
A milder warfare I in verse display;
Each in his proper art should waste the day:
Nor thou my gentle calling disapprove,
To die is glorious in the bed of Love.
Happy the youth, and not unknown to fame,
Whose heart has never felt a second flame.
Oh, might that envied happiness be mine!
To Cynthia all my wishes I confine;
Or if, alas! it be my fate to try
Another love, the quicker let me die:
But she, the mistress of my faithful breast,
Has oft the charms of constancy confest,
Condemns her fickle sex's fond mistake,
And hates the tale of Troy for Helen's sake.
Me from myself the soft enchantress stole;
Ah! let her ever my desires control,
Or if I fall the victim of her scorn,
From her loved door may my pale corse be borne.
The power of herbs can other harms remove,
And find a cure for every ill, but love.
The Lemnian's hurt Machaon could repair,
Heal the slow chief, and send again to war;
To Chiron Phœnix owed his long-lost sight,
And Phœbus' son recall'd Androgeon to the light.
Here arts are vain, e'en magic here must fail,
The powerful mixture and the midnight spell;

The hand that can my captive heart release,
And to this bosom give its wonted peace,
May the long thirst of Tantalus allay,
Or drive the infernal vulture from his prey.
For ills unseen what remedy is found?
Or who can probe the undiscover'd wound?
The bed avails not, nor the leech's care,
Nor changing skies can hurt, nor sultry air.
'T is hard th' elusive symptoms to explore:
To-day the lover walks, to-morrow is no more;
A train of mourning friends attend his pall,
And wonder at the sudden funeral.
When then the Fates that breath they gave shall claim,
And the short marble but preserve a name,
A little verse my all that shall remain;
Thy passing courser's slacken'd speed restrain;
(Thou envied honor of thy poet's days,
Of all our youth the ambition and the praise!)
Then to my quiet urn awhile draw near,
And say, while o'er that place you drop the tear,
Love and the fair were of his youth the pride;
He lived, while she was kind; and when she frown'd, he died.

April, 1742. Æt. 26.

TASSO GERUS. LIB. CANT. XIV. ST. 32.

"Preser commiato, e sì 'l desio gli sprona," &c.

DISMISS'D at length, they break through all delay
To tempt the dangers of the doubtful way;
And first to Ascalon their steps they bend,
Whose walls along the neighboring sea extend,
Nor yet in prospect rose the distant shore;
Scarce the hoarse waves from far were heard to roar,
When thwart the road a river roll'd its flood
Tempestuous, and all further course withstood;
The torrent stream his ancient bounds disdains,
Swoll'n with new force, and late-descending rains.
Irresolute they stand; when lo! appears
The wondrous Sage: vigorous he seem'd in years,
Awful his mien, low as his feet there flows
A vestment unadorn'd, though white as new-fall'n snows;
Against the stream the waves secure he trod,
His head a chaplet bore, his hand a rod.
As on the Rhine, when Boreas' fury reigns,
And winter binds the floods in icy chains,
Swift shoots the village-maid in rustic play
Smooth, without step, adown the shining way,
Fearless in long excursion loves to glide,
And sports and wantons o'er the frozen tide.

So moved the Seer, but on no harden'd plain;
The river boil'd beneath, and rush'd toward the main.
Where fix'd in wonder stood the warlike pair,
His course he turn'd, and thus relieved their care.
"Vast, O my friends, and difficult the toil
To seek your hero in a distant soil!
No common helps, no common guide ye need,
Art it requires, and more than winged speed.
What length of sea remains, what various lands,
Oceans unknown, inhospitable sands!
For adverse fate the captive chief has hurl'd
Beyond the confines of our narrow world:
Great things and full of wonder in your ears
I shall unfold; but first dismiss your fears;
Nor doubt with me to tread the downward road
That to the grotto leads, my dark abode."
Scarce had he said, before the warriors' eyes
When mountain-high the waves disparted rise;
The flood on either hand its billows rears,
And in the midst a spacious arch appears.
Their hands he seized, and down the steep he led
Beneath the obedient river's inmost bed;
The watery glimmerings of a fainter day
Discover'd half, and half conceal'd their way;
As when athwart the dusky woods by night
The uncertain crescent gleams a sickly light.
Through subterraneous passages they went,
Earth's inmost cells, and caves of deep descent;
Of many a flood they view'd the secret source,
The birth of rivers rising to their course,
Whate'er with copious train its channel fills,
Floats into lakes, and bubbles into rills;

The Po was there to see, Danubius' bed,
Euphrates' fount, and Nile's mysterious head.
Further they pass, where ripening minerals flow,
And embryon metals undigested glow,
Sulphureous veins and living silver shine,
Which soon the parent sun's warm powers refine,
In one rich mass unite the precious store,
The parts combine and harden into ore:
Here gems break through the night with glittering beam,
And paint the margin of the costly stream,
All stones of lustre shoot their vivid ray,
And mix attemper'd in a various day;
Here the soft emerald smiles of verdant hue,
And rubies flame, with sapphire's heavenly blue,
The diamond there attracts the wondrous sight,
Proud of its thousand dyes and luxury of light.

1738. Æt. 22.

POEMATA.

HYMENEAL

ON THE MARRIAGE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

IGNARÆ nostrûm mentes, et inertia corda,
Dum curas regum, et sortem miseramur iniquam,
Quæ solio affixit, vetuitque calescere flammâ
Dulci, quæ dono divûm, gratissima serpit
Viscera per, mollesque animis lene implicat æstus;
Nec teneros sensus, Veneris nec præmia nôrunt,
Eloquiumve oculi, aut facunda silentia linguæ:
Scilicet ignorant lacrymas, sævosque dolores,
Dura rudimenta, et violentæ exordia flammæ;
Scilicet ignorant, quæ flumine tinxit amaro
Tela Venus, cæcique armamentaria Divi,
Irasque, insidiasque, et tacitum sub pectore vulnus;
Namque sub ingressu, primoque in limine Amoris
Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia Curæ;
Intus habent dulces Risus, et Gratia sedem,
Et roseis resupina toris, roseo ore Voluptas:
Regibus huc faciles aditus; communia spernunt
Ostia, jamque expers duris custodibus istis
Panditur accessus, penetraliaque intima Templi.

Tuque Oh! Angliacis, Princeps, spes optima regnis,
Ne tantum, ne finge metum: quid imagine captus
Hæres, et mentem pictura pascis inani?
Umbram miraris: nec longum tempus, et ipsa
Ibit in amplexus, thalamosque ornabit ovantes.
Ille tamen tabulis inhians longum haurit amorem,
Affatu fruitur tacito, auscultatque tacentem
Immemor artificis calami, risumque, ruboremque
Aspicit in fucis, pictæque in virginis ore:
Tanta Venus potuit; tantus tenet error amantes.

Nascere, magna Dies, qua sese Augusta Britanno
Committat Pelago, patriamque relinquat amœnam;
Cujus in adventum jam nunc tria regna secundos
Attolli in plausus, dulcique accensa furore
Incipiunt agitare modos, et carmina dicunt:
Ipse animo sed enim juvenis comitatur euntem
Explorat ventos, atque auribus aëra captat,
Atque auras, atque astra vocat crudelia; pectus
Intentum exultat, surgitque arrecta cupido;
Incusat spes ægra fretum, solitoque videtur
Latior effundi pontus, fluctusque morantes.

Nascere, Lux major, qua sese Augusta Britanno
Committat juveni totam, propriamque dicabit;
At citius (precor) Oh! cedas melioribus astris;
Nox finem pompæ, finemque imponere curis
Possit, et in thalamos furtim deducere nuptam;
Sufficiat requiemque viris, et amantibus umbras:
Adsit Hymen, et subridens cum matre Cupido

Accedant, sternantque toros, ignemque ministrent;
Ilicet haud pictæ incandescit imagine formæ
Ulterius juvenis, verumque agnoscit amorem.

Sculptile sicut ebur, faciemque arsisse venustam
Pygmaliona canunt: ante hanc suspiria ducit,
Alloquiturque amens, flammamque et vulnera narrat;
Implorata Venus jussit cum vivere signum,
Fœmineam inspirans animam; quæ gaudia surgunt,
Audiit ut primæ nascentia murmura linguæ,
Luctari in vitam, et paulatim volvere ocellos
Sedulus, aspexitque novâ splendescere flammâ;
Corripit amplexu vivam, jamque oscula jungit
Acria confestim, recipitque rapitque; prioris
Immemor ardoris, Nymphæque oblitus eburneæ.

THO. GRAY, Pet. Coll.

LUNA HABITABILIS.

DUM Nox rorantes, non incomitata per auras
Urget equos, tacitoque inducit sidera lapsu;
Ultima, sed nulli soror inficianda sororum,
Huc mihi, Musa; tibi patet alti janua cœli,
Astra vides, nec te numeri, nec nomina fallunt.
Huc mihi, Diva veni; dulce est per aperta serena
Vere frui liquido, campoque errare silenti;
Vere frui dulce est; modo tu dignata petentem
Sis comes, et mecum gelidâ spatiere sub umbrâ.
Scilicèt hos orbis, cœli hæc decora alta putandum
est,
Noctis opes, nobis tantum lucere; virûmque
Ostentari oculis, nostræ laquearia terræ,
Ingentes scenas, vastique aulæa theatri?
Oh! quis me pennis æthræ super ardua sistet
Mirantem, propiusque dabit convexa tueri;
Teque adeo, undè fluens reficit lux mollior arva
Pallidiorque dies, tristes solata tenebras?
Sic ego, subridens Dea sic ingressa vicissim:
Non pennis opus hìc, supera ut simul illa petamus:
Disce, Puer, potiùs cœlo deducere Lunam;
Neu crede ad magicas te invitum accingier artes,
Thessalicosve modos; ipsam descendere Phœben
Conspicies novus Endymion; seque offeret ultrò
Visa tibi ante oculos, et notâ major imago.

Quin tete admoveas (tumuli super aggere spectas),
Compositum tubulo ; simul imum invade canalem
Sic intentâ acie, cœli simul alta patescent
Atria ; jamque, ausus Lunaria visere regna,
Ingredière solo, et caput inter nubila condes.
Ecce autem ! vitri se in vertice sistere Phœben
Cernis, et Oceanum, et crebris Freta consita terris.
Panditur *ille* atram faciem caligine condens
Sublustri ; refugitque oculos, fallitque tuentem ;
Integram Solis lucem quippè haurit aperto
Fluctu avidus radiorum, et longos imbibit ignes :
Verum *his*, quæ, maculis variata nitentibus, auro
Cœrula discernunt, celso sese insula dorso
Plurima protrudit, prætentaque littora saxis ;
Liberior datur his quoniàm natura, minusque
Lumen depascunt liquidum ; sed tela diei
Detorquent, retròque docent se vertere flammas.
Hinc longos videas tractus, terrasque jacentes
Ordine candenti, et claros se attollere montes ;
Montes queis Rhodope assurgat, quibus Ossa nivali
Vertice : tum scopulis infrà pendentibus antra
Nigrescunt clivorum umbrâ, nemorumque tenebris.
Non rores illi, aut desunt sua nubila mundo ;
Non frigus gelidum, atque herbis gratissimus imber ;
His quoque nota ardet picto Thaumantias arcu,
Os roseum Auroræ, propriique crepuscula cœli.
Et dubitas tantum certis cultoribus orbem
Destitui ? exercent agros, sua mœnia condunt
Hi quoque, vel Martem invadunt, curantque triumphos.

Victores: sunt hic etiam sua præmia laudi;
His metus, atque amor, et mentem mortalia tangunt.
Quin, uti nos oculis jam nunc juvat ire per arva,
Lucentesque plagas Lunæ, pontumque profundum;
Idem illos etiàm ardor agit, cum se aureus effert
Sub sudum globus, et terrarum ingentior orbis;
Scilicèt omne æquor tum lustrant, scilicèt omnem
Tellurem, gentesque polo sub utroque jacentes;
Et quidam æstivi indefessus ad ætheris ignes
Pervigilat, noctem exercens, cœlumque fatigat;
Jam Galli apparent, jam se Germania latè
Tollit, et albescens pater Apenninus ad auras;
Jam tandem in Borean, en! parvulus Anglia nævus
(Quanquam aliis longè fulgentior) extulit oras;
Formosum extemplò lumen, maculamque nitentem
Invisunt crebri Proceres, serùmque tuendo
Hærent, certatimque suo cognomine signant:
Forsitan et Lunæ longinquus in orbe Tyrannus
Se dominum vocat, et nostrâ se jactat in aulâ.
Terras possim alias, propiori sole calentes
Narrare, atque alias, jubaris queîs parcior usus,
Lunarum chorus, et tenuis penuria Phœbi;
Ni meditans eadem hæc audaci evolvere cantu,
Jam pulset citharam soror, et præludia tentet.
Non tamen has proprias laudes, nec facta silebo
Jampridèm in fatis, patriæque oracula famæ.
Tempus erit, sursùm totos contendere cœtus
Quo cernes longo excursu, primosque colonos
Migrare in lunam, et notos mutare Penates:
Dum stupet obtutu tacito vetus incola, longèque
Insolitas explorat aves, classemque volantem.

Ut quondàm ignotum marmor, camposque natantes
Tranavit Zephyros visens, nova regna, Columbus;
Litora mirantur circùm, mirantur et undæ
Inclusas acies ferro, turmasque biformes,
Monstraque fœta armis, et non imitabile fulme
Fœdera mox ıcta, et gemini commercia mundi,
Agminaque assueto glomerata sub æthere cerno.
Anglia, quæ pelagi jamdudum torquet habenas,
Exercetque frequens ventos, atque imperat undæ;
Aëris attollet fasces, veteresque triumphos
Hùc etiam feret, et victis dominabitur auris.

SAPPHIC ODE: TO MR. WEST.

BARBARAS ædes aditure mecum
Quas Eris semper fovet inquieta,
Lis ubi latè sonat, et togatum
Æstuat agmen;

Dulcius quanto, patulis sub ulmi
Hospitæ ramis temerè jacentem
Sic libris horas, tenuique inertes
Fallere Musâ?

Sæpe enim curis vagor expeditâ
Mente; dum, blandam meditans Camænam,
Vix malo rori, meminive seræ
Cedere nocti;

Et, pedes quò me rapiunt, in omni
Colle Parnassum videor videre
Fertilem sylvæ, gelidamque in omni
Fonte Aganippen.

Risit et Ver me, facilesque Nymphæ
Nare captantem, nec ineleganti,
Manè quicquid de violis eundo
Surripit aura:

Me reclinatum teneram per herbam;
Quà leves cursus aqua cunque ducit,
Et moras dulci strepitu lapillo
Nectit in omni.

Hæ novo nostrum ferè pectus anno
Simplices curæ tenuere, cœlum
Quamdiù sudum explicuit Favonî
Purior hora.

Otia et campos nec adhuc relinquo,
Nec magis Phœbo Clytie fidelis;
(Ingruant venti licet, et senescat
Mollior æstas.)

Namque, seu, lætos hominum labores
Prataque et montes recreante curru,
Purpurâ tractus oriens Eoos
Vestit, et auro;

Sedulus servo veneratus orbem
Prodigum splendoris; amœniori
Sive dilectam meditatur igne
Pingere Calpen;

Usque dum, fulgore magìs magìs jam
Languido circum, variata nubes
Labitur furtim, viridisque in umbras
Scena recessit.

O ego felix, vice si (nec unquam
Surgerem rursus) simili cadentem
Parca me lenis sineret quieto
Fallere Letho!

Multa flagranti radiisque cincto
Integris ah! quam nihil inviderem,
Cum Dei ardentes medius quadrigas
Sentit Olympus.

ALCAIC FRAGMENT.

O LACRYMARUM fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
Felix! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.

LATIN LINES

ADDRESSED TO MR. WEST, FROM GENOA.

HORRIDOS tractus, Boreæque linquens
Regna Taurini fera, molliorem
Advehor brumam, Genuæque amantes
Litora soles.

ELEGIAC VERSES,

OCCASIONED BY THE SIGHT OF THE PLAINS WHERE THE BATTLE OF TREBIA WAS FOUGHT.

QUA Trebie glaucas salices intersecat undâ,
Arvaque Romanis nobilitata malis.
Visus adhuc amnis veteri de clade rubere,
Et suspirantes ducere mœstus aquas;
Maurorumque ala, et nigræ increbescere turmæ,
Et pulsa Ausonidum ripa sonare fugâ.

CARMEN AD C. FAVONIUM ZEPHYRINUM.

MATER rosarum, cui teneræ vigent
Auræ Favoni, cui Venus it comes
Lasciva, Nympharum choreis
Et volucrum celebrata cantu!
Dic, non inertem fallere quâ diem
Amat sub umbrâ, seu sinit aureum
Dormire plectrum, seu retentat
Pierio Zephyrinus antro
Furore dulci plenus, et immemor
Reptantis inter frigora Tusculi
Umbrosa, vel colles Amici
Palladiæ superantis Albæ.
Dilecta Fauno, et capripedum choris
Pineta, testor vos, Anio minax
Quæcunque per clivos volutus
Præcipiti tremefecit amne,
Illius altum Tibur, et Æsulæ
Audisse sylvas nomen amabiles,
Illius et gratas Latinis
Naisin ingeminâsse rupes;
Nam me Latinæ Naides uvidâ
Vidêre ripâ, quâ niveas levi
Tam sæpe lavit rore plumas
Dulcè canens Venusinus ales;
Mirum! canenti conticuit nemus,
Sacrique fontes, et retinent adhuc

(Sic Musa jussit) saxa molles
Docta modos, veteresque lauri.
Mirare nec tu me citharæ rudem
Claudis laborantem numeris: loca
Amœna, jucundumque ver in-
compositum docuere carmen;
Hærent sub omni nam folio nigri
Phœbea lucî (credite) somnia,
Argutiusque et lympha et auræ
Nescio quid solito loquuntur.

FRAGMENT OF A LATIN POEM ON THE GAURUS.

NEC procul infelix se tollit in æthera Gaurus,
Prospiciens vitreum lugenti vertice pontum:
Tristior ille diu, et veteri desuetus olivâ
Gaurus, pampineæque eheu jam nescius umbræ;
Horrendi tam sæva premit vicinia montis,
Attonitumque urget latus, exuritque ferentem.
Nam fama est olim, mediâ dum rura silebant
Nocte, Deo victa, et molli perfusa quiete,
Infremuisse æquor ponti, auditamque per omnes
Latè tellurem surdùm immugire cavernas:
Quo sonitu nemora alta tremunt: tremit excita tuto
Parthenopæa sinu, flammantisque ora Vesevi.
At subitò se aperire solum, vastosque recessus
Pandere sub pedibus, nigrâque voragine fauces;
Tum piceas cinerum glomerare sub æthere nubes
Vorticibus rapidis, ardentique imbre procellam.
Præcipites fugere feræ, perque avia longè
Sylvarum fugit pastor, juga per deserta,
Ah, miser! increpitans sæpè altâ voce per umbram
Nequicquam natos, creditque audire sequentes.
Atque ille excelso rupis de vertice solus
Respectans notasque domos, et dulcia regna
Nil usquàm videt infelix præter mare tristi
Lumine percussum, et pallentes sulphure campos
Fumumque, flammasque, rotataque turbine saxa.

Quin ubi detonuit fragor, et lux reddita cœlo;
Mæstos confluere agricolas, passuque videres
Tandem iterum timido deserta requirere tecta:
Sperantes, si forte oculis, si forte darentur
Uxorum cineres, miserorumve ossa parentum
(Tenuia, sed tanti saltem solatia luctûs)
Unà colligere et justâ componere in urnâ.
Uxorum nusquam cineres, nusquam ossa parentum
(Spem miseram!) assuetosve Lares, aut rura videbunt.
Quippe ubi planities campi diffusa jacebat;
Mons novus: ille supercilium, frontemque favillâ
Incanum ostentans, ambustis cautibus, æquor
Subjectum, stragemque suam, mæsta arva, minaci
Despicit imperio, soloque in littore regnat.
Hinc infame loci nomen, multosque per annos
Immemor antiquæ laudis, nescire labores
Vomeris, et nullo tellus revirescere cultu.
Non avium colles, non carmine matutino
Pastorum resonare; adeo undique dirus habebat
Informes latè horror agros saltusque vacantes.
Sæpius et longè detorquens navita proram
Monstrabat digito littus, sævæque revolvens
Funera narrabat noctis, veteremque ruinam.
Montis adhuc facies manet hirta atque aspera saxis:
Sed furor extinctus jamdudum, et flamma quievit,
Quæ nascenti aderat; seu fortè bituminis atri
Defluxere olim rivi, atque effœta lacuna
Pabula sufficere ardori, viresque recusat;
Sive in visceribus meditans incendia jam nunc
(Horrendùm) arcanis glomerat genti esse futuræ
Exitio, sparsos tacitusque recolligit ignes.

Raro per clivos haud secius ordine vidi
Canescentem oleam: longum post tempus amicti
Vite virent tumuli; patriamque revisere gaudens
Bacchus in assuetis tenerum caput exerit arvis
Vix tandem, infidoque audet se credere cœlo.

A FAREWELL TO FLORENCE.

* * OH Fæsulæ amœna
Frigoribus juga, nec nimiùm spirantibus auris!
Alma quibus Tusci Pallas decus Apennini
Esse dedit, glaucâque suâ canescere sylvâ!
Non ego vos posthàc Arni de valle videbo
Porticibus circum, et candenti cincta coronâ
Villarum longè nitido consurgere dorso,
Antiquamve Ædem, et veteres præferre Cupressus
Mirabor, tectisque super pendentia tecta.

IMITATION OF AN ITALIAN SONNET

OF SIGNIOR ABBATE BUONDELMONTE.

SPESSO Amor sotto la forma
D' amistà ride, e s' asconde:
Poi si mischia, e si confonde
Con lo sdegno, e col rancor.
In Pietade ei si trasforma;
Par trastullo, e par dispetto;
Mà nel suo diverso aspetto
Sempr' egli, è l' istesso Amor.

LUSIT amicitiæ interdum velatus amictu,
Et benè compositâ veste fefellit Amor.
Mox iræ assumpsit cultus, faciemque minantem,
Inque odium versus, versus et in lacrymas:
Ludentem fuge, nec lacrymanti, aut crede furenti;
Idem est dissimili semper in ore Deus.

ALCAIC ODE,

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE IN DAUPHINY, AUGUST, 1741.

OH Tu, severi Religio loci,
Quocunque gaudes nomine (non leve
Nativa nam certè fluenta
Numen habet, veteresque sylvas;
Præsentiorem et conspicimus Deum
Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem;
Quàm si repostus sub trabe citreâ
Fulgeret auro, et Phidiacâ manu)
Salve vocanti ritè, fesso et
Da placidam juveni quietem.
Quod si invidendis sedibus, et frui
Fortuna sacrâ lege silentii
Vetat volentem, me resorbens
In medios violenta fluctus:
Saltem remoto des, Pater, angulo
Horas senectæ ducere liberas;
Tutumque vulgari tumultu
Surripias, hominumque curis.

PART OF AN HEROIC EPISTLE

FROM SOPHONISBA TO MASINISSA.

EGREGIUM accipio promissi Munus amoris,
Inque manu mortem, jam fruitura, fero:
Atque utinam citius mandasses, luce vel unâ;
Transieram Stygios non inhonesta lacus.
Victoris nec passa toros, nova nupta, mariti,
Nec fueram fastus, Roma superba, tuos.
Scilicet hæc partem tibi, Masinissa, triumphi
Detractam, hæc pompæ jura minora suæ
Imputet, atque uxor quòd non tua pressa catenis,
Objecta et sævæ plausibus orbis eo:
Quin tu pro tantis cepisti præmia factis,
Magnum Romanæ pignus amicitiæ!
Scipiadæ excuses, oro, si, tardius utar
Munere. Non nimium vivere, crede, velim.
Parva mora est, breve sed tempus mea fama requirit:
Detinet hæc animam cura suprema meam.
Quæ patriæ prodesse meæ Regina ferebar,
Inter Elisæas gloria prima nurus,
Ne videar flammæ nimis indulsisse secundæ,
Vel nimis hostiles extimuisse manus.
Fortunam atque annos liceat revocare priores,
Gaudiaque heu! quantis nostra repensa malis.
Primitiasne tuas meministi atque arma Syphacis
Fusa, et per Tyrias ducta trophæa vias?

(Laudis at antiquæ forsan meminisse pigebit,
Quodque decus quondam causa ruboris erit.)
Tempus ego certe memini, felicia Pœnis
Quo te non puduit solvere vota deis;
Mœniaque intrantem vidi: longo agmine duxit
Turba salutantum, purpureique patres.
Fœminea ante omnes longe admiratur euntem
Hæret et aspectu tota caterva tuo.
Jam flexi, regale decus, per colla capilli,
Jam decet ardenti fuscus in ore color!
Commendat frontis generosa modestiâ formam,
Seque cupit laudi surripuisse suæ.
Prima genas tenui signat vix flore juventas,
Et dextræ soli credimus esse virum.
Dum faciles gradiens oculos per singula jactas,
(Seu rexit casus lumina, sive Venus)
In me (vel certè visum est) conversa morari
Sensi; virgineus perculit ora pudor.
Nescio quid vultum molle spirare tuendo,
Crediderамque tuos lentius ire pedes.
Quærebam, juxta æqualis si dignior esset,
Quæ poterat visus detinuisse tuos:
Nulla fuit circum æqualis quæ dignior esset,
Asseruitque decus conscia forma suum.
Pompæ finis erat. Totâ vix nocte quievi,
Sin premat invitæ lumina victa sopor,
Somnus habet pompas, eademque recursat imago;
Atque iterum hesterno munere victor ades.

* * * * *

DIDACTIC POEM UNFINISHED:

ENTITLED

DE PRINCIPIIS COGITANDI.

LIBER PRIMUS. AD FAVONIUM.

UNDE Animus scire incipiat; quibus inchoet orsa
Principiis seriem rerum, tenuemque catenam
Mnemosyne: Ratio unde rudi sub pectore tardum
Augeat imperium; et primum mortalibus ægris
Ira, Dolor, Metus, et Curæ nascantur inanes,
Hinc canere aggredior. Nec dedignare canentem,
O decus! Angliacæ certe O lux altera gentis!
Si quà primus iter monstras, vestigia conor
Signare incertâ, tremulâque insistere plantâ.
Quin potius duc ipse (potes namque omnia) sanctum
Ad limen (si ritè adeo, si pectore puro,)
Obscuræ reserans Naturæ ingentia claustra.
Tu cæcas rerum causas, fontemque severum
Pande, Pater; tibi enim, tibi, veri magne Sacerdos,
Corda patent hominum, atque altæ penetralia Mentis.
Tuque aures adhibe vacuas, facilesque, Favoni,
(Quod tibi crescit opus) simplex nec despice carmen,
Nec vatem: non illa leves primordia motus,

Quanquam parva, dabunt. Lætum vel amabile quicquid
Usquam oritur, trahit hinc ortum; nec surgit ad auras,
Quin ea conspirent simul, eventusque secundent.
Hinc variæ vitæ artes, ac mollior usus,
Dulce et amicitiæ vinclum: Sapientia dia
Hinc roseum accendit lumen, vultuque sereno
Humanas aperit mentes, nova gaudia monstrans,
Deformesque fugat curas, vanosque timores:
Scilicet et rerum crescit pulcherrima Virtus.
Illa etiam, quæ te (mirùm) noctesque diesque
Assiduè fovet inspirans, linguamque sequentem
Temperat in numeros, atque horas mulcet inertes;
Aurea non aliâ se jactat origine Musa.
Principio, ut magnum fœdus Natura creatrix
Firmavit, tardis jussitque inolescere membris
Sublimes animas; tenebroso in carcere partem
Noluit ætheream longo torpere veterno:
Nec per se proprium passa exercere vigorem est,
Ne sociæ molis conjunctos sperneret artus,
Ponderis oblita, et cœlestis conscia flammæ.
Idcircò innumero ductu tremere undique fibras
Nervorum instituit: tum toto corpore miscens
Implicuit latè ramos, et sensile textum,
Implevitque humore suo (seu lympha vocanda,
Sive aura est) tenuis certè, atque levissima quædam
Vis versatur agens, parvosque infusa canales
Perfluit; assiduè externis quæ concita plagis,
Mobilis, incussique fidelis nuntia motûs,
Hinc indè accensâ contage relabitur usque
Ad superas hominis sedes, arcemque cerebri.

Namque illic posuit solium, et sua templa sacravit
Mens animi : hanc circum coëunt, densoque feruntur
Agmine notitiæ, simulacraque tenuia rerum :
Ecce autem naturæ ingens aperitur imago
Immensæ, variique patent commercia mundi.
Ac uti longinquis descendunt montibus amnes
Velivolus Tamisis, flaventisque Indus arenæ,
Euphratesque, Tagusque, et opimo flumine Ganges,
Undas quisque suas volvens, cursuque sonoro
In mare prorumpunt : hos magno acclinis in antro
Excipit Oceanus, natorumque ordine longo
Dona recognoscit venientûm, ultròque serenat
Cæruleam faciem, et diffuso marmore ridet.
Haud aliter species properant se inferre novellæ
Certatim menti, atque aditus quino agmine complent.
Primas tactus agit partes, primusque minutæ
Laxat iter cæcum turbæ, recipitque ruentem.
Non idem huic modus est, qui fratribus : amplius ille
Imperium affectat senior, penitusque medullis
Visceribusque habitat totis, pellisque recentem
Funditur in telam, et latè per stamina vivit.
Necdum etiam matris puer eluctatus ab alvo
Multiplices solvit tunicas, et vincula rupit ;
Sopitus molli somno, tepidoque liquore
Circumfusus adhuc : tactus tamen aura lacessit
Jamdudum levior sensus, animamque reclusit.
Idque magis simul, ac solitum blandumque calorem
Frigore mutavit cœli, quod verberat acri
Impete inassuetos artus : tum sævior adstat

Humanæque comes vitæ Dolor excipit; ille
Cunctantem frustrà et tremulo multa ore querentem
Corripit invadens, ferreisque amplectitur ulnis.
Tum species primùm patefacta est candida Lucis
(Usque vices adeò Natura bonique, malique,
Exæquat, justâque manu sua damna rependit)
Tum primùm, ignotosque bibunt nova lumina soles.
Carmine quo, Dea, te dicam, gratissima cœli
Progenies, ortumque tuum; gemmantia rore
Ut per prata levi lustras, et floribus halans
Purpureum Veris gremium, scenamque virentem
Pingis, et umbriferos colles, et cærula regna?
Gratia te, Venerisque Lepos, et mille Colorum,
Formarumque chorus sequitur, motusque decentes.
At caput invisum Stygiis Nox atra tenebris
Abdidit, horrendæque simul Formidinis ora,
Pervigilesque æstus Curarum, atque anxius Angor.
Undique lætitiâ florent mortalia corda,
Purus et arridet largis fulgoribus Æther.
Omnia nec tu ideò invalidæ se pandere Menti
(Quippe nimis teneros posset vis tanta diei
Perturbare, et inexpertos confundere visus)
Nec capere infantes animos, neu cernere credas
Tam variam molem, et miræ spectacula lucis:
Nescio quâ tamen hæc oculos dulcedine parvos
Splendida percussit novitas, traxitque sequentes;
Nonne videmus enim, latis inserta fenestris
Sicubi se Phœbi dispergant aurea tela,
Sive lucernarum rutilus colluxerit ardor,
Extemplo hùc obverti aciem, quæ fixa repertos
Haurit inexpletum radios, fruiturque tuendo?
Altior huic verò sensu, majorque videtur

Addita, Judicioque arctè connexa potestas,
Quod simul atque ætas volventibus auxerit annis,
Hæc simul, assiduo depascens omnia visu,
Perspiciet, vis quanta loci, quid polleat ordo,
Junctureæ quis honos, ut res accendere rebus
Lumina conjurant inter se, et mutua fulgent.
Nec minor in geminis viget auribus insita virtus,
Nec tantum in curvis quæ pervigil excubet antris
Hinc atque hinc (ubi Vox tremefecerit ostia pulsu
Aëriis invecta rotis) longèque recurset:
Scilicet Eloqiuo hæc sonitus, hæc fulminis alas,
Et mulcere dedit dictis et tollere corda,
Verbaque metiri numeris, versuque ligare
Repperit, et quicquid discant Libethrides undæ,
Calliope quotiès, quotiès Pater ipse canendi
Evolvat liquidum carmen, calamove loquenti
Inspiret dulces animas, digitisque figuret.
At medias fauces, et linguæ humentia templa
Gustus habet, quà se insinuet jucunda saporum
Luxuries, dona Autumni, Bacchique voluptas.
Naribus interèa consedit odora hominum vis,
Docta leves captare auras, Panchaïa quales
Vere novo exhalat, Floræve quod oscula fragrant,
Roscida, cum Zephyri furtim sub vesperis horâ
Respondet votis, mollemque aspirat amorem.
Tot portas altæ capitis circumdedit arci
Alma Parens, sensûsque vias per membra reclusit;
Haud solas: namque intùs agit vivata facultas,
Quâ sese explorat, contemplatusque repentè
Ipse suas animus vires, momentaque cernit.
Quid velit, aut possit, cupiat, fugiatve, vicissim
Percipit imperio gaudens; neque corpora fallunt
Morigera ad celeres actus, ac numina mentis.

Qualis Hamadryadum quondam si fortè sororum
Una, novos peragrans saltus, et devia rura;
(Atque illam in viridi suadet procumbere ripâ
Fontis pura quies, et opaci frigoris umbra)
Dum prona in latices speculi de margine pendet,
Mirata est subitam venienti occurrere Nympham:
Mox eosdem, quos ipsa, artus, eadem ora gerentem
Unà inferre gradus, unà succedere sylvæ
Aspicit alludens; seseque agnoscit in undis.
Sic sensu interno rerum simulacra suarum
Mens ciet, et proprios observat conscia vultus.
Nec verò simplex ratio, aut jus omnibus unum
Constat imaginibus. Sunt quæ bina ostia nôrunt;
Hæ privos servant aditus; sine legibus illæ
Passim, quà data porta, ruunt, animoque propinquant.
Respice, cui à cunis tristes extinxit ocellos,
Sæva et in eternas mersit natura tenebras:
Illi ignota dies lucet, vernusque colorum
Offusus nitor est, et vivæ gratia formæ.
Corporis at filum, et motus, spatiumque, locique
Intervalla datur certo dignoscere tactu:
Quandoquidem his iter ambiguum est, et janua duplex,
Exclusæque oculis species irrumpere tendunt
Per digitos. Atqui solis concessa potestas
Luminibus blandæ est radios immittere lucis.
Undique proporrò sociis, quacunque patescit
Notitiæ campus, mistæ lasciva feruntur
Turba voluptatis comites, formæque dolorum
Terribiles visu, et portâ glomerantur in omni.
Nec vario minus introïtu magnum ingruit Illud,
Quo facere et fungi, quo res existere circùm

Quamque sibi proprio cum corpore scimus, et ire
Ordine, perpetuoque per ævum flumine labi.
Nunc age quo valeat pacto, quâ sensilis arte
Affectare viam, atque animi tentare latebras
Materies (dictis aures adverte faventes)
Exsequar. Imprimìs spatii quam multa per æquor
Millia multigenis pandant se corpora seclis,
Expende. Haud unum invenies, quod mente licebit
Amplecti, nedum propriùs deprendere sensu,
Molis egens certæ, aut solido sine robore, cujus
Denique mobilitas linquit, texturave partes,
Ulla nec orarum circumcæsura coërcet.
Hæc conjuncta adeò totâ compage fatetur
Mundus, et extremo clamant in limine rerum,
(Si rebus datur extremum) primordia. Firmat
Hæc eadem tactus (tactum quis dicere falsum
Audeat ?) hæc oculi nec lucidus arguit orbis.
Inde potestatum enasci densissima proles:
Nam quodcunque ferit visum, tangive laborat,
Quicquid nare bibis, vel concava concipit auris,
Quicquid lingua sapit, credas hoc omne, necesse est
Ponderibus, textu, discursu, mole, figurâ
Particulas præstare leves, et semina rerum.
Nunc oculos igitur pascunt, et luce ministrâ
Fulgere cuncta vides, spargique coloribus orbem,
Dum de sole trahunt alias, aliasque supernè
Detorquent, retròque docent se vertere flammas.
Nunc trepido inter se fervent corpuscula pulsu,
Ut tremor æthera per magnum, latèque natantes
Aurarum fluctus avidi vibrantia claustra
Auditûs queat allabi, sonitumque propaget.
Cominùs interdum non ullo interprete per se

Nervorum invadunt teneras quatientia fibras,
Sensiferumque urgent ultrò per viscera motum.

* * * * *

LIBER QUARTUS.

Hactenus haud segnis Naturæ arcana retexi
Musarum interpres, primusque Britanna per arva
Romano liquidum deduxi flumine rivum.
Cum Tu opere in medio, spes tanti et causa laboris,
Linquis, et æternam fati te condis in umbram!
Vidi egomet duro graviter concussa dolore
Pectora, in alterius non unquam lenta dolorem;
Et languere oculos vidi, et pallescere amantem
Vultum, quo nunquam Pietas nisi rara, Fidesque,
Altus amor Veri, et purum spirabat Honestum.
Visa tamen tardi demùm inclementia morbi
Cessare est, reducemque iterum roseo ore Salutem
Speravi, atque unà tecum, dilecte Favoni!
Credulus heu longos, ut quondàm, fallere Soles:
Heu spes nequicquam dulces, atque irrita vota!
Heu mæstos Soles, sine te quos ducere flendo
Per desideria, et questus jam cogor inanes!
At Tu, sancta anima, et nostri non indiga luctûs,
Stellanti templo, sincerique ætheris igne,
Unde orta es, fruere; atque ô si secura, nec ultra
Mortalis, notos olìm miserata labores
Respectes, tenuesque vacet cognoscere curas;
Humanam si fortè altâ de sede procellam
Contemplêre, metus, stimulosque cupidinis acres,
Gaudiaque et gemitus, parvoque in corde tumultum

Irarum ingentem, et sævos sub pectore fluctus ;
Respice et has lacrymas, memori quas ictus amore
Fundo ; quod possum, juxtà lugere sepulchrum
Dum juvat, et mutæ vana hæc jactare favillæ.

* * * * *

GREEK EPIGRAM.

[See Mason's Memoirs, Vol. III. p. 45.]

Ἀζόμενος πολύθηρον ἐκηβόλου ἅλσος ἀνάσσας,
Τᾶς δεινᾶς τεμένη λεῖπε κυναγὲ θεᾶς,
Μοῦνοι ἆρ' ἔνθα κύνων ζαθέων κλαγγεῦσιν ὑλάγμοι,
Ἀνταχεῖς Νυμφᾶν ἀγροτερᾶν κελάδῳ.

EXTRACTS.

PETRARCA PART I. SONETTO 170.

" Lasso ch' i' ardo, ed altri non mel crede," &c.

IMITATED.

UROR, io; veros at nemo credidit ignes:
Quin credunt omnes; dura sed illa negat,
Illa negat, soli volumus cui posse probare;
Quin videt, et visos improba dissimulat.
Ah, durissima mi, sed et, ah, pulcherrima rerum!
Nonne animam in miserâ, Cynthia, fronte vides?
Omnibus illa pia est; et, si non fata vetâssent,
Tam longas mentem flecteret ad lacrymas.
Sed tamen has lacrymas, hunc tu, quem spreveris, ignem,
Carminaque auctori non bene culta suo,
Turba futurorum non ignorabit amantûm:
Nos duo, cumque erimus parvus uterque cinis,
Jamque faces, eheu! oculorum, et frigida lingua,
Hæ sine luce jacent, immemor illa loqui;
Infelix musa æternos spirabit amores,
Ardebitque urnâ multa favilla meâ.

FROM THE ANTHOLOGIA GRÆCA.

EDIT. HEN. STEPH. 1566.

IN BACCHÆ FURENTIS STATUAM.

CREDITE, non viva est Mænas; non spirat imago:
Artificis rabiem miscuit ære manus.

IN ALEXANDRUM, ÆRE EFFICTUM.

QUANTUM audet, Lysippe, manus tua! surgit in ære
Spiritus, atque oculis bellicus ignis adest:
Spectate hos vultus, miserisque ignoscite Persis:
Quid mirum, imbelles si leo sparsit oves?

IN MEDEÆ IMAGINEM, NOBILE TIMOMACHI OPUS.

EN ubi Medeæ varius dolor æstuat ore,
Jamque animum nati, jamque maritus, habent!
Succenset, miseret, medio exardescit amore,
Dum furor inque oculo gutta minante tremit.
Cernis adhuc dubiam; quid enim? licet impia matris
Colchidos, at non sit dextera Timomachi.

IN NIOBES STATUAM.

Fecerat e vivâ lapidem me Jupiter; at me
Praxiteles vivam reddidit e lapide.

A NYMPH OFFERING A STATUE OF HERSELF TO VENUS.

Te tibi, sancta, fero nudam; formosius ipsa
Cum tibi, quod ferrem, te, Dea, nil habui.

IN AMOREM DORMIENTEM.

Docte puer vigiles mortalibus addere curas,
Anne potest in te somnus habere locum?
Laxi juxta arcus, et fax suspensa quievit,
Dormit et in pharetrâ clausa sagitta suâ;
Longè mater abest; longè Cythereia turba:
Verùm ausint alii te prope ferre pedem,
Non ego: nam metui valdè, mihi, perfide, quiddam
Forsan et in somnis ne meditere mali.

FROM A FRAGMENT OF PLATO.

Itur in Idalios tractus, felicia regna,
Fundit ubi densam myrtea sylva comam,
Intus Amor teneram visus spirare quietem,
Dum roseo roseos imprimit ore toros;
Sublimem procul a ramis pendere pharetram,
Et de languidulâ spicula lapsa manu,
Vidimus, et risu molli diducta labella
Murmure quæ assiduo pervolitabat apis.

IN FONTEM AQUÆ CALIDÆ.

Sub platanis puer Idalius prope fluminis undam
Dormiit, in ripâ deposuitque facem.
Tempus adest, sociæ, Nympharum audentior una,
Tempus adest, ultra quid dubitamus? ait.
Ilicet incurrit, pestem ut divûmque hominumque
Lampada collectis exanimaret aquis:
Demens! nam nequiit sævam restinguere flammam
Nympha, sed ipsa ignes traxit, et inde calet.

Irrepsisse suas murem videt Argus in ædes,
Atque ait, heus, a me nunquid, amice, velis?
Ille autem ridens, metuas nihil, inquit; apud te,
O bone, non epulas, hospitium petimus.

Hanc tibi Rufinus mittit, Rodoclea, coronam,
Has tibi decerpens texerat ipse rosas;
Est viola, est anemòne, est suave-rubens hyacynthus,
Mistaque Narcisso lutea caltha suo;
Sume; sed aspiciens, ah, fidere desine formæ;
Qui pinxit, brevis est, sertaque teque, color.

AD AMOREM.

Paulisper vigiles, oro, compesce dolores,
Respue nec musæ supplicis aure preces;
Oro brevem lacrymis veniam, requiemque furori:
Ah, ego non possum vulnera tanta pati!

Intima flamma, vides, miseros depascitur artus,
  Surgit et extremis spiritus in labiis:
Quòd si tam tenuem cordi est exsolvere vitam,
  Stabit in opprobrium sculpta querela tuum.
Juro perque faces istas, arcumque sonantem,
  Spiculaque hoc unum figere docta jecur;
Heu fuge crudelem puerum, sævasque sagittas!
  Huic fuit exitii causa, viator, Amor.

NOTES.

NOTES.

ON THE SPRING.

P. 3. The original manuscript title given by Gray to this Ode was "Noontide." It appeared for the first time in Dodsley's Collection, Vol. II. p. 271, under the title of "Ode."

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE CAT.

P. 5. On a favorite cat called Selima, that fell into a China tub with gold-fishes in it, and was drowned. Walpole, after the death of Gray, placed the China vase on a pedestal at Strawberry Hill, with a few lines of the Ode for its inscription.

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

P. 7. *Her Henry's holy shade.*] King Henry the Sixth, founder of the College.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

P. 13. *Æolian lyre.*] Pindar styles his own poetry "Æolian."

P. 13. *Ceres' golden reign.*] Fields of corn.

P. 13. *O Sov'reign of the willing soul.*] Power of harmony to calm the turbulent passions of the soul. The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian of Pindar.

P. 14. *The Lord of War.*] Mars, the god of war.

P. 14. *The feather'd king.*] The eagle of Jove.

P. 14. *Thee the voice, the dance, obey.*] Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.

P. 14. *Idalia.*] The favorite retreat of Venus in Cyprus.

P. 14. *Cytherea's day.*] The festival of Venus.

P. 14. *Man's feeble race what ills await!*] To compensate the real and imaginary ills of life, the muse was given to mankind by the same Providence that sends the day, by its cheerful presence, to dispel the gloom and terrors of the night.

P. 15. *In climes beyond the solar road.*] Extensive influence of poetic genius over the remotest and most uncivilized nations: its connection with Liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it.

P. 15. *Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep.*] Progress of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt had travelled in Italy, and formed their taste there. Spenser imitated the Italian writers; Milton improved on them; but this school expired soon after the Restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.

P. 16. *In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid.*] SHAKESPEARE.

P. 16. *Nor second He, that rode sublime.*] MILTON.

P. 16. *The living throne, the sapphire blaze.*] "For the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels. And above the firmament, that was over their heads, was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone. This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord." Ezek. i. 20, 26, 28.

P. 17. *With necks in thunder clothed.*] "Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?" Job. — This verse and the foregoing are meant to express the stately march and sounding energy of Dryden's rhymes.

P. 17. *That the Theban eagle bear.*] Pindar compares himself to that bird, and his enemies to ravens

that croak and clamor in vain below, while it pursues its flight, regardless of their noise.

THE BARD.

P. 18. This Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.

P. 18. *Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail.*] The hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion.

P. 18. *Snowdon's shaggy side.*] Snowdon was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract which includes all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far east as the river Conway.

P. 18. *Stout Glo'ster.*] Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford; married at Westminster, May 2, 1290, to Joan de Acres or Acon (so called from having been born at Acon in the Holy Land), second daughter of King Edward. — He died 1295.

P. 18. "*To arms!*" *cried Mortimer.*] Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore. They both were Lord Marchers, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the king in this expedition.

P. 19. *On dreary Arvon's shore they lie.*] The shores of Caernarvonshire, opposite to the Isle of Anglesey.

P. 19. *And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.*] See the Norwegian Ode (The Fatal Sisters) that follows.

P. 20. *The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roof that ring.*] Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berkley Castle.

P. 20. *She-wolf of France.*] Isabel of France, Edward the Second's adulterous queen.

P. 20. *The scourge of heav'n.*] Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.

P. 20. *Low on his funeral couch he lies!*] Death of Edward the Third, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress.

P. 20. *Is the sable warrior fled?*] Edward the Black Prince, dead some time before his father.

P. 20. *Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows.*] Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign. See Froissart, and other contemporary writers.

P. 21. *Fill high the sparkling bowl.*] Richard the Second, as we are told by Archbishop Scroop and the confederate Lords in their manifesto, by Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older writers, was starved to death. The story of his assassination, by Sir Piers of Exton, is of much later date.

P. 21. *Heard ye the din of battle bray.*] Ruinous wars of York and Lancaster.

P. 21. *Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,*
With many a foul and midnight murder fed.]
Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, &c., believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.

P. 21. *Revere his consort's faith.*] Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown.

P. 21. *His father's fame.*] Henry the Fifth.

P. 21. *And spare the meek usurper's holy head.*] Henry the Sixth, very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.

P. 21. *Above, below, the rose of snow.*] The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

P. 21. *The bristled boar in infant-gore.*] The silver boar was the badge of Richard the Third; whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of *the Boar*.

P. 21. *Half of thy heart we consecrate.*] Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her lord is well known. The monuments of his regret and sorrow for the loss of her are still to be seen at Northampton, Gaddington, Waltham, and other places.

P. 22. *No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.*] It was the common belief of the Welsh nation, that King Arthur was still alive in Fairyland, and would return again to reign over Britain.

P. 22. *All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue, hail!*] Both Merlin and Taliessin had prophesied that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island; which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor.

P. 22. *Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face.*] Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, ambassador of Poland, says, "And thus she, lion-like rising, daunted the malapert orator no less with her stately port and majestical deporture, than with the tartnesse of her princelie checkes."

P. 22. *Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear.*] Taliessin, chief of the bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

P. 22. *In buskin'd measures move.*] SHAKESPEARE.

P. 22. *A voice, as of the cherub-choir.*] MILTON.

P. 22. *And distant warblings lessen on my ear.*] The succession of poets after Milton's time.

ODE FOR MUSIC.

P. 24. This Ode was performed in the Senate-House at Cambridge, July 1, 1769, at the installation of his Grace Augustus-Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, Chancellor of the University.

P. 25. *Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow.*] Edward the Third, who added the fleur-de-lis of France to the arms of England. He founded Trinity College.

P. 25. *And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn.*] Mary de Valentia, Countess of Pembroke, daughter of Guy de Chatillon, comte de St. Paul in France; of whom tradition says, that her husband Audemar de Valentia, Earl of Pembroke, was slain at a tournament on the day of his nuptials. She was the foundress of Pembroke College or Hall, under the name of Aula Mariæ de Valentia.

P. 25. *Princely Clare.*] Elizabeth de Burg, Countess of Clare, was wife of John de Burg, son and heir of the Earl of Ulster, and daughter of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, by Joan of Acres, daughter of Edward the First. Hence the poet gives her the epithet of *princely*. She founded Clare Hall.

P. 25. *And Anjou's heroine, and the paler rose.*] Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry the Sixth, foundress of Queen's College. The poet has celebrated her conjugal fidelity in "The Bard," epode 2d, line 13th. — Elizabeth Widville, wife of Edward the Fourth, hence called the paler rose, as being of the house of York. She added to the foundation of Margaret of Anjou.

P. 25. *And either Henry there.*] Henry the Sixth and Eighth. The former the founder of King's, the latter the greatest benefactor to Trinity College.

P. 26. *The venerable Marg'ret see!*] Countess of Richmond and Derby; the mother of Henry the

Seventh, foundress of St. John's and Christ's Colleges.

P. 26. *A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace.*] The Countess was a Beaufort, and married to a Tudor: hence the application of this line to the Duke of Grafton, who claims descent from both these families.

P. 27. *The laureate wreath, that Cecil wore, she brings.*] Lord Treasurer Burleigh was Chancellor of the University in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

THE FATAL SISTERS.

P. 28. To be found in the Orcades of Thormodus Torfæus; Hafniæ, 1697, folio; and also in Bartholinus, p. 617, lib. iii. c. 1. 4to.

Vitt er orpit fyrir valfalli, &c.

In the eleventh century *Sigurd*, Earl of the Orkney Islands, went with a fleet of ships and a considerable body of troops into Ireland, to the assistance of *Sictryg with the Silken beard*, who was then making war on his father-in-law *Brian*, King of Dublin: the earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and *Sictryg* was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loss by the death of *Brian* their king, who fell in the action. On Christmas-day (the day of the battle), a native of Caithness in Scotland, of the name of Durrad, saw at a distance a number of persons on horseback riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow them, till looking through an opening of the rocks, he saw twelve gigantic figures resembling women: they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove, they sung the following dreadful song; which when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped six to the north, and as many to the south.

These were the *Valkyriur*, female divinities, Parcæ Militares, servants of *Odin* (or *Woden*) in the Gothic mythology. Their name signifies *Choosers of the slain.* They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands; and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to *Valhalla*, the hall of *Odin*, or paradise of the brave; where they attended the banquet, and served the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale: their numbers are not agreed upon, some authors representing them as *six*, some as *four*.

THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

P. 31. The original is to be found in Sæmund's Edda, and in Bartholinus, De Causis contemnendæ Mortis; Hafniæ, 1689, quarto, lib. III. c. ii. p. 632. *Upreis Odinn allda gautr, &c.*

P. 31. *Hela's drear abode.*] Niflheliar, the hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old age, or by any other means than in battle. Over it presided Hela, the goddess of death. Hela, in the Edda, is described with a dreadful countenance, and her body half flesh-color and half blue.

P. 31. *Him the dog of darkness spied.*] The Edda gives this dog the name of Managarmar. He fed upon the lives of those that were to die.

P. 32. *Tell me what is done below.*] Odin was anxious about the fate of his son Balder, who had dreamed he was soon to die. He was killed by Odin's other son, Hoder, who was himself slain by Vali, the son of Odin and Rinda, consonant with this prophecy. (See the Edda.)

P. 33. *Once again my call obey.*] Women were looked upon by the Gothic nations as having a peculiar insight into futurity; and some there were that

made profession of magic arts and divination. These travelled round the country, and were received in every house with great respect and honor. Such a woman bore the name of Volva Seidkona or Spakona. The dress of Thorbiorga, one of these prophetesses, is described at large in Eirik's Rauda Sogu (Apud Bartholin. lib. i. cap. iv. p. 688). "She had on a blue vest spangled all over with stones, a necklace of glass beads, and a cap made of the skin of a black lamb, lined with white cat-skin. She leaned on a staff adorned with brass, with a round head set with stones; and was girt with an Hunlandish belt, at which hung her pouch full of magical instruments. Her buskins were of rough calf-skin, bound on with thongs studded with knobs of brass, and her gloves of white cat-skin, the fur turned inwards," &c. They were also called *Fiolkyngi*, or *Fiolkunnug*, i. e. Multiscia; and *Visindakona*, i. e. Oraculorum Mulier; *Nornir*, i. e. Parcæ.

P. 33. *Who ne'er shall comb his raven hair.*] King Harold made (according to the singular custom of his time) a solemn vow never to *clip or comb his hair* till he should have extended his sway over the whole country. (Herbert's *Iceland. Translat.* p. 39.)

P. 34. *What virgins these, in speechless woe.*] "It is not certain," says Mr. Herbert, "what Odin means by the question concerning the weeping virgins; but it has been supposed that it alludes to the embassy afterwards sent by Frigga to try to redeem Balder from the infernal regions, and that Odin betrays his divinity by mentioning what had not yet happened." — *Iceland. Translat.* p. 48.

P. 34. *But mother of the giant brood!*] In the Latin "mater trium gigantum": probably Angerbode, who from her name seems to be "no prophetess of good"; and who bore to Lok, as the Edda says, three children, the wolf Fenris, the great serpent of

Midgard, and Hela, all of them called giants in that system of mythology.

P. 34. *Till Lok has burst his tenfold chain.*] Lok is the evil being, who continues in chains till the *twilight of the gods* approaches: when he shall break his bonds, the human race, the stars, and sun shall disappear; the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies; even Odin himself and his kindred deities shall perish.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

P. 35. From Evans, Spec. of the Welsh Poetry, 1764, quarto, p. 25, where is a prose version of this Poem, and p. 127. Owen succeeded his father Griffith app Cynan in the principality of N. Wales, A. D. 1137. This battle was fought in the year 1157. Jones's Relics, Vol. II. p. 36.

The original Welsh of this poem was the composition of Gwalchmai the son of Melir, immediately after Prince Owen Gwynedd had defeated the combined fleets of Iceland, Denmark, and Norway, which had invaded his territory on the coast of Anglesea.

P. 35. *Gwyneth.*] North Wales.

P. 35. *Lochlin.*] Denmark.

P. 35. *The dragon-son of Mona stands.*] The red dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which all his descendants bore on their banners.

P. 36. *There the thund'ring strokes begin.*] "It seems," says Dr. Evans, "that the fleet landed in some part of the Firth of Menai, and that it was a kind of mixed engagement, some fighting from the shore, others from the ships: and probably the great slaughter was owing to its being low water, and that they could not sail."

THE DEATH OF HOEL.

P. 37. Selected from the Gododin of Aneurin,

styled the monarch of the Bards. He flourished about the time of Taliessin, A. D. 570. See Mr. Evans's Specimens, pp. 71 and 73.

"Aneurin with the flowing Muse, King of Bards, brother to Gildas Albanius the historian, lived under Mynyddawg of Edinburgh, a prince of the North, whose Eurdorchogion, or warriors wearing the golden torques, three hundred and sixty-three in number, were all slain, except Aneurin and two others, in a battle with the Saxons at Cattraeth, on the eastern coast of Yorkshire. His Gododin, an heroic poem written on that event, is perhaps the oldest and noblest production of that age." Jones's Relics, Vol. I. p. 17.

P. 37. *Upon Deïra's squadrons hurl'd.*] The kingdom of Deïra included the counties of Yorkshire, Durham, Lancashire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland.

HAVE YE SEEN, &C.

P. 38. This and the following short fragment ought to have appeared among the Posthumous Pieces; but it was thought preferable to insert them in this place with the preceding fragment from the Gododin.

EPITAPH ON MRS. JANE CLERKE.

P. 40. This lady, the wife of Dr. John Clerke, physician at Epsom, died April 27, 1757; and was buried in the church of Beckenham, Kent.

EPITAPH ON SIR WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

P. 41. This Epitaph was written at the request of Mr. Frederick Montagu, who intended to have inscribed it on a monument at Bellisle, at the siege of which Sir W. Williams was killed, 1761.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

P. 45. *Far from the madding crowd.*] In the first edition, the following verse preceded this.

"Hark! how the sacred calm, that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease,
In still small accents whisp'ring from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace."

P. 46. "Before the Epitaph, Mr. Gray originally inserted a very beautiful stanza, which was printed in some of the first editions, but afterwards omitted, because he thought that it was too long a parenthesis in this place. The lines however are, in themselves, exquisitely fine, and demand preservation: —

'There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.'"

A Long Story.

P. 48. Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard, previous to its publication, was handed about in manuscript; and had amongst other admirers the Lady Cobham, who resided at the mansion-house at Stoke Pogis. The performance inducing her to wish for the author's acquaintance, her relation, Miss Speed, and Lady Schaub, then at her house, undertook to effect it. These two ladies waited upon the author at his aunt's solitary habitation, where he at that time resided; and not finding him at home, they left a card behind them. Mr. Gray, surprised at such a compliment, returned the visit. And as the beginning of this acquaintance bore some appearance of romance, he soon after gave a humorous account of it in the verses, which he entitled "A Long Story." Printed in 1753, with Mr. Bentley's designs.

P. 48. *An ancient pile of building stands.*] In the sixteenth century, the house belonged to the earls of Huntingdon, and to the family of Hatton. On the death of Lady Cobham, 1760, the estate was purchased from her executors by the late Hon. Thom-

as Penn, Lord Proprietary of Pennsylvania: his son, the present John Penn, Esq., finding the interior of the ancient mansion in a state of considerable decay, it was taken down in the year 1789, with the exception of a wing, which was preserved, partly for the sake of its effect as a ruin, harmonizing with the churchyard, the poet's house, and the surrounding scenery.

P. 48. *The ceiling's fretted height.*] The style of building called Queen Elizabeth's is here admirably described, both with regard to its beauties and defects; the third and fourth stanzas delineate the fantastic manners of the time with equal truth and humor.

P. 48. *My grave Lord-Keeper.*] Sir Christopher Hatton, promoted by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful person and fine dancing.

P. 48. *Brawls.*] Brawls were figure-dances then in fashion.

P. 49. *The first came* cap-à-pie *from France.*] The lady's husband, Sir Luke Schaub, had been ambassador at Paris some years before.

P. 49. *The other Amazon.*] Miss Harriet Speed, Lady C.'s relation, afterwards married to the Count de Viry, Sardinian Envoy at the court of London.

P. 49. *Mr. P—t.*] The Rev. Mr. Purt, tutor to the Duke of Bridgewater, then at Eton school.

P. 50. *To rid the manor of such vermin.*] Henry the Fourth, in the fourth year of his reign, issued out the following *commission* against this species of *vermin:* — "And it is enacted, that no master-*rimer*, *minstrel*, or *other vagabond*, be in anywise sustained in the land of Wales, to make commoiths, or gatherings upon the people there."

P. 50. *O'er stiles they ventured.*] The walk from Stoke old mansion, to the house occupied by the poet's family, is peculiarly retired. The house is the

property of Captain Salter, and it has belonged to his family for many generations. It is a charming spot for a summer residence, but has undergone great alterations and improvements since Gray gave it up in 1758.

P. 51. *A spell upon the table.*] The *note* which the ladies left upon the table.

P. 51. *And from the gallery.*] The music-gallery which overlooked the hall.

P. 51. *Tyacke.*] The housekeeper.

P. 52. *Squib.*] Groom of the chamber.

P. 52. *Groom.*] The steward.

P. 52. *Macleane.*] A famous highwayman, hanged the week before.

P. 53. See a Sequel to the Long Story, in Hakewill's History of Windsor, by John Penn, Esq., and a further sequel to that, by the late laureate, H. J. Pye, Esq.

ODE ON THE PLEASURE ARISING FROM VICISSITUDE.

P. 57. Left unfinished by Gray. With additions by Mason, distinguished by inverted commas.

TRANSLATION OF A PASSAGE FROM STATIUS.

P. 61. This translation, which Gray sent to West, consisted of about a hundred and ten lines. Mr. Mason selected twenty-seven lines, which he published, as Gray's first attempt in English verse.

THE FRAGMENT OF A TRAGEDY.

P. 63. "The Britannicus of Racine, I know, was one of Gray's most favorite plays; and the admirable manner in which I have heard him say that he saw it represented at Paris seems to have led him to choose the death of Agrippina for his first and only effort in the drama. The execution of it also, as far as it goes, is so very much in Racine's taste, that I suspect, if that great poet had been born an English-

man, he would have written precisely in the same style and manner. However, as there is at present in this nation a general prejudice against declamatory plays, I agree with a learned friend, who perused the manuscript, that this fragment will be little relished by the many; yet the admirable strokes of nature and character with which it abounds, and the majesty of its diction, prevent me from withholding from the few, who I expect will relish it, so great a curiosity (to call it nothing more) as part of a tragedy written by Gray. These persons well know that, till style and sentiment be a little more regarded, mere action and passion will never secure reputation to the author, whatever they may do to the actor. It is the business of the one 'to strut and fret his hour upon the stage'; and if he frets and struts enough, he is sure to find his reward in the plaudit of an upper gallery; but the other ought to have some regard to the cooler judgment of the closet: for I will be bold to say, that if Shakespeare himself had not written a multitude of passages which please there as much as they do on the stage, his reputation would not stand so universally high as it does at present. Many of these passages, to the shame of our theatrical taste, are omitted constantly in the representation: but I say not this from conviction that the mode of writing which Gray pursued is the best for dramatic purposes. I think myself, what I have asserted elsewhere, that a medium between the French and English taste would be preferable to either; and yet this medium, if hit with the greatest nicety, would fail of success on our theatre, and that for a very obvious reason. Actors (I speak of the troop collectively) must all learn to speak as well as act, in order to do justice to such a drama.

"But let me hasten to give the reader what little insight I can into Gray's plan, as I find and select it from two detached papers.

"AGRIPPINA, A TRAGEDY.

"The argument drawn out by him, in these two papers, under the idea of a plot and under-plot, I shall here unite; as it will tend to show that the action itself was possessed of sufficient unity.

"The drama opens with the indignation of Agrippina, at receiving her son's orders from Anicetus to remove from Baiæ, and to have her guard taken from her. At this time Otho, having conveyed Poppæa from the house of her husband Rufus Crispinus, brings her to Baiæ, where he means to conceal her among the crowd; or, if his fraud is discovered, to have recourse to the Emperor's authority; but, knowing the lawless temper of Nero, he determines not to have recourse to that expedient but on the utmost necessity. In the mean time he commits her to the care of Anicetus, whom he takes to be his friend, and in whose age he thinks he may safely confide. Nero is not yet come to Baiæ: but Seneca, whom he sends before him, informs Agrippina of the accusation concerning Rubellius Plancus, and desires her to clear herself, which she does briefly; but demands to see her son, who, on his arrival, acquits her of all suspicion, and restores her to her honors. In the mean while, Anicetus, to whose care Poppæa had been intrusted by Otho, contrives the following plot to ruin Agrippina: he betrays his trust to Otho, and brings Nero, as it were by chance, to the sight of the beautiful Poppæa; the Emperor is immediately struck with her charms, and she, by a feigned resistance, increases his passion: though, in reality, she is from the first dazzled with the prospect of empire, and forgets Otho: she therefore joins with Anicetus in his design of ruining Agrippina, soon perceiving that it will be for her interest. Otho hearing that the Emperor had seen Poppæa, is much enraged; but

not knowing that this interview was obtained through the treachery of Anicetus, is readily persuaded by him to see Agrippina in secret, and acquaint her with his fears that her son Nero would marry Poppæa. Agrippina, to support her own power, and to wean the Emperor from the love of Poppæa, gives Otho encouragement, and promises to support him. Anicetus secretly introduces Nero to hear their discourse; who resolves immediately on his mother's death, and, by Anicetus's means, to destroy her by drowning. A solemn feast in honor of their reconciliation is to be made; after which, she being to go by sea to Bauli, the ship is so contrived as to sink or crush her; she escapes by accident, and returns to Baiæ. In this interval Otho has an interview with Poppæa; and, being duped a second time by Anicetus and her, determines to fly with her into Greece, by means of a vessel which is to be furnished by Anicetus; but he, pretending to remove Poppæa on board in the night, conveys her to Nero's appartment: she then encourages and determines Nero to banish Otho, and finish the horrid deed he had attempted on his mother. Anicetus undertakes to execute his resolves; and, under pretence of a plot upon the Emperor's life, is sent with a guard to murder Agrippina, who is still at Baiæ in imminent fear, and irresolute how to conduct herself. The account of her death, and the Emperor's horror and fruitless remorse, finishes the drama." — MASON.

THE ALLIANCE OF EDUCATION AND GOVERNMENT.

P. 73. "Instead of compiling tables of chronology and natural history, why did not Mr. Gray apply the powers of his genius to finish the philosophic poem of which he has left such an exquisite specimen?" — GIBBON.

STANZAS TO MR. BENTLEY.

P. 77. These were in compliment to Bentley, who drew a set of designs for Gray's poems, particularly a head-piece to the Long Story. The original drawings are in the library at Strawberry Hill. See H. Walpole's Works, Vol. II. p. 447. The words within the inverted commas were supplied by Mason, a corner of the old manuscript copy being torn.

SKETCH OF HIS OWN CHARACTER.

P. 79. *Squire.*] At that time Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and afterwards Bishop of St. David's.

SONG.

P. 81. Written, at the request of Miss Speed, to an old air of Geminiani: — the thought from the French.

IMPROMPTU.

P. 83. Written at Denton in the spring of 1766.